

VIRGIL'S

ECLŪGUES AND GEŌRGICS















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THE  
BUCOLICS AND GEORGICS  
OF  
VIRGIL.

A LITERAL TRANSLATION WITH NOTES,

BY

A. HAMILTON BRYCE, LL.D., F.R.S.E.

WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY

EDWARD BROOKS, JR.

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## INTRODUCTION.

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VIRGIL, the author of "The Bucolics" and "The Georgics," a translation of which poems is contained in the following pages, is regarded by many as the foremost of the Italian poets of antiquity. Born of lowly parentage, he, by his industry and genius, gained the right to be ranked among the foremost of the great poets of the world.

According to his own account, Virgil was born at Andes, a small village near Mantua, on the 15th of October, B.C. 70. Authorities are not agreed as to whom his parents were. Some say his father was a potter, others that he was the hired servant of a man called Magius, whose daughter he subsequently married, while others say that he was an Italian farmer who amassed a considerable fortune by buying up large tracts of woodland property at the time of Sulla's proscriptions, when property was very cheap. It is probable that the latter view is the correct one.

However this may be, Virgil received the best education that money could obtain, his father, whoever he was, being a man of wealth and possessing much wisdom and sagacity.

At Cremona Virgil acquired the rudiments of his edu-

cation, and here it was that he assumed the manly toga on the very day upon which Lucretius, his great model and master, died.

Subsequently, Virgil studied at Milan and Naples under the guidance of Parthenius, who perfected him in his knowledge of Greek. He finally completed his education at Rome under Siron, an epicurean philosopher, whose teachings are said to have greatly influenced his life as well as his writings.

About 47 B.C. Virgil withdrew to his farm at Andes, where he devoted himself to the pursuit of husbandry and to the composition of some of the minor works which are attributed to him, but many of which seem to be the work of an inferior hand. Among the writings which it is generally admitted he composed at this time are "The Bucolics."

Just after the battle of Philippi, Virgil had the misfortune to have his farm at Andes taken from him. Octavianus had promised to those of his soldiers who remained faithful to him farms in the richest part of Italy. The neighborhood of Mantua was one of these districts, and thus the poet was deprived of his property. By the influence of Asinius Pollio and others of his friends, Virgil was successful in having his farm restored to him, which incident he makes the subject of the First Bucolic.

Later on another distribution of lands among the soldiers again deprived Virgil of his property. On this occasion, relying upon the promise of Octavianus, the poet attempted to resist the soldier who came to dispossess him. The intruder, a hot-tempered centurion, violently

assaulted him, and Virgil narrowly escaped with his life. Subsequently he was again restored to his possessions, which event he celebrated by writing the Fourth Bucolic.

In 19 B.C. he visited Greece and Asia Minor, with the purpose of making a tour of those countries in order to familiarize himself with the scenes and manners of the places and people, so that he might perfect his great epic poem, "The *Æneid*." Meeting with Octavianus at Athens, he was persuaded by him to change his plans and return to Rome, as he was not strong enough for the fatigue of the journeys he was required to make. Upon reaching Megara he was taken seriously ill. He continued his journey, however, but died a few days after his arrival at Brundisium, the sea voyage having, as it was thought, aggravated his illness.

Virgil was not married, and his large fortune, which is variously estimated at between four and five hundred thousand dollars, he bequeathed to a step-brother and his friends and benefactors, Augustus, Mæcenas, Varrus and Tucca. To the last two he bequeathed the manuscript of "The *Æneid*," with directions that they should burn it. This wish, however, was fortunately not complied with, and "The *Æneid*" was published just as it then stood, with only a few necessary corrections.

In politics Virgil was a strong adherent of the Julian party. He was a great admirer of Julius Cæsar, and had watched with admiration all that he had done for the glory of Rome. To the Emperor Octavianus he was bound not only by ties of personal friendship but was also

strongly in sympathy with his efforts to reduce to peace and order the chaos which the civil strifes of preceding years had brought about.

The following pages contain a translation of "The Bucolics" and "The Georgics" which, together with "The *Æneid*," constitute the principal works of the poet. "The Bucolics," ten in number, are pastoral poems, and are doubtless among the poet's earliest writings. These poems are frequently termed by critics "The Eclogues." The word Bucolics means Songs of Shepherds or Pastoral Poems, while the word Eclogues, not used by the poet himself, means extracts or selections, and, as applied to these poems, seems to designate them as "Elegant Extracts." In these compositions Virgil has imitated very closely the Idyls of Theocritus, a Greek poet of Sicily, not so much on account of a want of originality on the part of the writer as from a desire to cater to the tastes of the people and to insure the success of his composition by following a Greek model. The merit of "The Bucolics" consists largely in their versification, which is smoother and more polished than any Roman hexameters which had been previously written.

"The Georgics" is an agricultural poem, consisting of four books. The word "Georgics" means agricultural affairs, and in this work Virgil treats of all matters relating to the vocation of a husbandman. As appears at the very outset of this composition, the First Book treats of the proper methods of ploughing and preparing the ground; the Second of sowing and planting; the Third of the management and care of cattle, and the Fourth of the care of bees. In this work the powers of the

poet are seen to be much more matured, and the subject, though possessing but little of the poetic element, is treated with such ready invention and warmth of imagination that it is regarded by some as the most perfect and polished of all the author's writings.





# THE BUCOLICS.

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## ECLOGUE I.

Octavianus, assisted by Mark Antony, defeated Brutus and Cassius in the battle of Philippi, in Macedonia, in 42 B.C. On his return to Rome he distributed to his own veterans and those of Antony lands which had been promised them the year before at the siege of Mutina. Cremona was one of the cities whose territory was chosen for this purpose, and as there was not enough of land, the neighboring Mantua was taken also. Virgil lost his farm, as he was in the Mantuan district, but he got it back again through the influence of Asinius Pollio. This Eclogue expresses his gratitude to Octavianus. Tityrus represents Virgil in some parts, and in others, an old slave in his employment. Melibœus is a shepherd who did not recover his home.

### MELIBŒUS, TITYRUS.

M. You, Tityrus, reclining under the covert of a spreading beech, are practising a pastoral lay on a slender pipe: We are leaving our home and its charming fields: We are being banished from our fatherland: You, Tityrus, resting peacefully in the shade, are teaching the woods to echo the name of the lovely Amaryllis.<sup>1</sup>

T. O Melibœus, a god has granted us the ease we now enjoy; for to me he shall always be a god; a tender lamb from our folds shall often stain his altar with its blood. He

<sup>1</sup> Amaryllis, the name of a country girl. Some have supposed that the poet spoke of Rome under that name.

has given me permission that my cattle should roam at will, as you see, and that I myself should play what strain I please on my rustic reed.

M. I do not indeed grudge it to you ; rather do I wonder at it ; to such an extent does confusion reign everywhere throughout the whole country. Lo, I myself, sick at heart, am driving onwards my tender she-goats : this one, O Tityrus, I lead along even with difficulty : for here just now, among the dense hazels, bringing forth twins with many throes, she has dropped them, alas ! the hope of the flock, on the bare rock. This calamity, I remember, my oaks stricken by lightning often presaged to me, had my mind been open to warning : But tell me, Tityrus, what kind of a god is it you speak of ?

T. The city, Melibœus, which they call Rome, I, in my simplicity, imagined to be like this Mantua<sup>1</sup> of ours, whither we shepherds often drive to market the tender offspring of our ewes. So I had known whelps to be like dogs, kids to be like their dams : thus was I wont to compare great things with small. But that city has raised its head as high among others, as the cypresses are wont to do among the pliant, way-faring shrubs.

M. And what so urgent reason had you for visiting Rome ?

T. Liberty ; which, though late in doing so, yet kindly regarded me with favor, remiss as I was, after my beard began to fall with a grayish hue as I shaved ; yet, she did regard me with favor, and came to me after a long time, since Amaryllis gained my affections, and after Galatea had abandoned me. Because—for I will confess it—while Galatea ruled me, I had neither hopes of liberty, nor anxiety

<sup>1</sup> Mantua, a city in the north of Italy, on the Mincio, in the neighborhood of which Virgil was born.

about my private gains. Though many a victim went from my folds, and though many a rich cheese was pressed for the thankless city, my right hand never returned home heavy with money for me.

M. I often wondered, Amaryllis, why in mournful mood you used to invoke the gods; and for whom you suffered the fruits to hang, each on its tree. Your Tityrus was from home. The very pines, O Tityrus, the very fountains, these very corpses anxiously called for you.

T. What was I to do? It was neither in my power, while I staid here, to go forth from bondage, nor elsewhere to find so powerful gods. Here, Melibœus, I saw that youth, to whom for twelve days in the year our altars smoke. Here he was the first to give an answer to my prayer: "Swains feed your cows as formerly; admit your steers."

M. Happy old man, your lands then will remain your own, large enough for you, too, although bare stones abound everywhere and marshes with slimy bull-rushes are common on the pasture lands. No strange fodder shall poison your breeding ewes; nor shall the baleful contamination of a neighboring flock hurt them. Lucky old man! here, among well-known streams and sacred fountains, you shall enjoy the cool shade. On the one side,—that is, on your neighbor's boundary-fence,—the hedge whose willow-flowers are always fed upon by Hyblæan bees<sup>1</sup> shall often invite you to sleep by its gentle hum. On the other side, beneath a lofty rock, the leaf-stripper shall send forth his song on the breeze: nor meanwhile shall either the hoarse wood-pigeons, your delight, or the turtle dove on his lofty elm, cease to coo.

<sup>1</sup> Hyblæan bees, from Hybla, a town in Sicily, celebrated for its excellent honey. *Quae semper* is by some reckoned a parenthesis, in the sense of "shall invite you to sleep, as it always does."

T. Sooner therefore shall the fleet stags pasture high in air, and the seas leave the fish exposed on the shore; sooner shall the Parthian<sup>1</sup> wanderer drink of the Arar, or the German of the Tigris, each having traversed the other's territory, than his image shall be effaced from my breast.

M. But some of us shall go hence to the thirst-parched Africans; others of us shall reach Scythia<sup>2</sup> and the swift flowing Oaxes in Crete, and the Britons totally separated from the rest of the world. Ah then! shall I ever when visiting, after a long interval, my native home and the turf-piled roof of my humble hut—shall I hereafter (I say) look with astonishment on a few scanty ears of grain,<sup>3</sup> my whole domain? Shall a ruthless soldier possess these fallow-lands, so highly tilled? A barbarian these corn-fields? Behold to what a pass disunion has brought wretched fellow-citizens! For such successors have we sown our fields! Now, Melibœus, engraft your pear trees, plant your vines in rows! Begone, my sheep, once a happy flock, begone. No more shall I, stretched in a moss-grown cave, henceforth behold you hanging at a distance from a bush-clad rock. No songs shall I sing; no more, my goats, as I feed you, shall you crop the flowery cytissus and bitter willows.

<sup>1</sup> Parthian, &c. Parthia, now part of Persia, a country of Asia. The Arar, or Saone, a river of France, which falls into the Rhone at Lyons. The Tigris, a river of Asia, running into the Persian Gulf, as also the Euphrates does.

<sup>2</sup> Scythia, a general name given by the ancients to the extreme northern parts of Europe and Asia.

<sup>3</sup> This sentence (on which consult Forbiger's or Conington's notes) has puzzled all commentators, and the modes of rendering it are many. The one given above, though not without its objections, seems to afford the best sense. It represents the speaker anticipating the bad farming of the bungling soldier who is to succeed him. The phrase "my whole domain," literally "my kingdom," "where I was as happy as a king and reigned supreme," contrasts with its former flourishing condition the wretched sight he expects to see on his return.

T. Yet here for this night you might rest with me on a couch of green leaves. I have mellow apples, mealy chestnuts, and plenty of fresh-pressed curd. And now the high roofs of the distant farm-houses are smoking, and shadows of greater length are falling from the lofty mountains.

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## ECLOGUE II.

The subject of this Eclogue is taken from the eleventh Idyl of Theocritus. The shepherd Corydon is deeply enamored of Alexis, a youth of great beauty, whom he in vain urges to come and live with him in the country. Some old grammarians have handed down the tradition that Alexis was given to Virgil by his friend Pollio as a slave. Corydon would thus represent the poet. But it is more probable that this is a mere imitation of Theocritus.

### ALEXIS.

The shepherd Corydon loved ardently the beautiful Alexis, the darling of his master; nor had he any apparent ground for hope. Yet<sup>1</sup> he used to come constantly among the dense beeches with overshadowing tops: there, all alone, he would pour forth to the mountains and the woods these unstudied laments with bootless earnestness:—

Ah, cruel Alexis, do you pay no heed at all to my lays? Have you no pity for me? At last you will compel me to die. Even the cattle now pant after shades and cool retreats; now the thorny brakes shelter even the green lizards, and Thestylis pounds the garlic and wild thyme, strong-scented herbs, for the reapers exhausted by the scorching heat. But

<sup>1</sup> *Tantum*, literally, *only*, i.e. as his only consolation.

to the hoarse grasshoppers in company with me the thickets resound, while under the burning sun I trace your steps. Was it not better to endure the peevish humors and proud disdain of Amaryllis? to bear with Menalcas, however swarthy he was, however fair you be? Ah, pretty boy, trust not too much to complexion. White privets are left to fall; purple hyacinths are gathered. Alexis, I am scorned by you; nor do you inquire what I am; how rich in flocks, how fully supplied with snow-white milk. A thousand ewes of mine roam on the mountains of Sicily. Young milk<sup>1</sup> fails me not in summer; it fails me not in winter. I sing the same airs which Theban Amphion<sup>2</sup> was wont to do when on Attic Aracynthus<sup>3</sup> he piped home his herds. Nor am I so ill-made: upon the shore I lately viewed myself, when the sea had been calmed by the lulling winds. I will not fear Daphnis, you yourself being judge, since the reflected image never lies. O would it but please you to inhabit with me our homely rural retreats and humble cots, and to spear the stags, and to drive the flock of kids to the green mallow! In the woods along with me you shall rival Pan in singing. Pan first taught men to join several reeds with wax; Pan guards sheep and shepherds. Regret not that you have worn away your lip on a shepherd's reed. What was not

<sup>1</sup> Young milk, that is, the milk of animals which have recently brought forth.

<sup>2</sup> Amphion, the famous king of Thebes, who built the walls of that city, and is said to have made the stones to dance into their places by the music of his lyre. He is called Dirceus, either from Dirce, his step-mother, whom he put to death for the injuries she had done to his mother, Antiope; or from a fountain in Bœotia of that name.

<sup>3</sup> Aracynthus was, according to some ancient authorities, a mountain on the confines of Attica and Bœotia where was the fountain Dirce: it is called Actæo, Attic, from Acta or Acte, an older name for Attica. The Aracynthus range proper was in Ætolia.

Amyntas wont to do to learn this same art? I have a pipe of seven reeds of unequal length compactly joined, of which Damœtas some time ago made me a present, and as he was dying, said, "It now has you as my (worthy) successor." Damœtas spoke: the foolish Amyntas was envious. Besides I have two young he-goats, found in a glen by no means safe, with skins even now speckled with white; they each drain daily the udders of a ewe; these, then, I reserve for you. For a long time now Thestylis has been begging to get them from me; and she shall do so, since my presents are valueless in your eyes.

Come hither, O lovely boy; behold the nymphs bring you lilies in full baskets. For you, fair Nâis, culling the yellow violets and heads of poppies, joins the daffodil and the flower of sweet-smelling dill; and then, intertwinning them with casia, and other fragrant herbs, she varies the soft hyacinths with saffron marigold. I myself will gather for you quinces hoary with tender down and chestnuts which my Amaryllis loved. I will add yellow plums. On this fruit too shall distinction be conferred. And you, O bays, I will gather; and you, O myrtle, next to them: for, thus arranged, you mingle sweet perfumes.

Corydon, you are a dolt; Alexis neither cares for your presents; nor, if you were to contend in presents, would Iollas yield. Alas, alas, what did I mean, wretched man that I am? I have let the south wind loose among my flowers, and boars on my crystal springs, fool that I am. Whom do you fly from in your madness? Even the gods themselves have dwelt in woods, and Trojan Paris too. Let Pallas by herself alone inhabit the citadels she has erected. Let woods delight us above all things else. The savage lioness pursues the wolf; the wolf on his part, the goat; the wanton goat pursues the flowery cytisus; Corydon fol-

lows you, O Alexis. His own peculiar desire leads each one on.

See, the steers draw home the uplifted plough, and the sinking sun doubles the lengthening shadows; but me love still consumes. For what bounds can be set to love? Ah, Corydon, Corydon, what frenzy has possessed you? Your vine remains on the leafy elm, half-pruned. Why do you not rather try to weave of osiers and pliant rushes something at least which your daily work requires? You will find another Alexis, since this one disdains you.

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### ECLOGUE III.

This Eclogue exhibits a trial of skill in singing, between Damœtas and Menalcas. This contest is conducted in what is called Amœbœan, *i.e.* "answering," verse, in which the second speaker replies to the first in the same number of lines, and on the same or a closely similar subject. Palæmon, who is chosen judge, after hearing them, declares his inability to decide such an important controversy.

#### MENALCAS, DAMÆTAS, PALÆMON.

M. Tell me, Damœtas, whose is the flock? It is not that of Melibœus, is it?

D. No; but Ægon's. Ægon lately entrusted it to my care.

M. Ah sheep, ever a luckless flock; while he himself courts Neæra, and fears that she may prefer me to him, this stranger shepherd milks the ewes twice in an hour; and the substance is drained from the sheep, and the milk withheld from the lambs.



D. Remember, however, that these charges should with more caution be made against men. We know both who — you, and in what sacred grot, while the he-goats looked askance; but the obliging nymphs smiled.

M. Just at the time, I suppose, when they saw me with a malicious bill hacking Mycon's elm-grove and young vines.

D. Or here by these old beeches, when you broke the bow and arrows of Daphnis: and when you, cross-grained Menalcas, saw them given to the boy, you both were vexed, and you would have burst for envy, had you not by some means or other done him an injury.

M. What are the owners of flocks to do, when thievish knaves make such robberies? Miscreant! did I not see you entrap that goat of Damon's, while his mongrel<sup>1</sup> barked with fury? And when I cried out, "Where is that fellow now rushing off to? Tityrus, muster your flock," you skulked away behind the sedges.

D. Was he not, when vanquished in singing, to give me the goat which my flute had won by its music? If you don't know it, that same goat was my own: and Damon himself confessed it, but alleged that he was not able to pay it to me.

M. *You* conquer *him* in piping, forsooth! Now just tell me, had you ever in your possession a pipe cemented with wax? Were you not wont, you *ignoramus*, to stand at the cross-roads and shockingly murder some wretched tune on a squeaking straw?

D. Are you willing, then, that we should have a trial between us, by turns, what each can do? This young cow I stake; and that you may have no excuse for declining the contest, (I tell you that) she comes twice a day to the milk-

<sup>1</sup> Lycisca—"mongrel" between a wolf and a dog. Some take Lycisca as the name of the dog merely.

ing pail : two calves she suckles with her udder : now, say for what stake you will contend against me.

M. I dare not stake anything from the flock as you do : for I have a father at home, I have a harsh step-mother : and twice a-day both of them number the flock, one or other of them the kids too. But what you yourself will own to be of far greater value, since you choose to make a fool of yourself, I will stake my beechen bowls, the carved work of divine Alcimedon,<sup>1</sup> to which a pliant vine, superadded by the obedient<sup>2</sup> chisel, clothes with its foliage the clustering berries put forth everywhere in profusion by the pale ivy. In the open space there are two figures—Conon, and who was the other, who with his wand mapped out for men the world's great globe ; (who showed) what seasons the reaper, what the bending ploughman should have? Nor have I yet applied my lips to them, but I keep them carefully laid up.

D. For me too the same Alcimedon made two bowls, and wreathed their handles all round with the flexible acanthus. In the open space he placed Orpheus, and the woods following him. Nor have I yet applied my lips to them, but keep them carefully laid up. If you consider the cow, you have no reason to extol your bowls.

M. By no means shall you at this time escape : I will meet you on any terms, only let some one hear this contest, even the man who is approaching : I declare it is Palæmon : I'll put you from hereafter challenging any other person to sing.

D. Come on, then, if you have a stave in you, there shall be no delay on my part, for I don't shrink from any competi-

<sup>1</sup> Alcimedon is not heard of elsewhere. Conon was a famous astronomer in the time of Ptolemy Philadelphus : the "other" was probably Eudoxus, whose "Phænomena" was versified by Aratus.—*Conington*.

<sup>2</sup> Obedient, *i.e.* moving easily (*facilis*) as the turner directs.

tion ; only, neighbor Palæmon, weigh this with the deepest attention : it is a matter of no small importance.

P. Sing on, since we are seated on the soft grass ; and now every field, now every tree, is fruitful : now the woods are clad with foliage ; now the year is at it fairest. Begin, Damœtas : then you, Menalcas, follow. You shall sing in alternate verses : the Muses love Amœbæan strains.

D. I begin with Jove, ye Muses: all things are full of Jove : he makes the earth fruitful ; he takes pleasure in my songs.

M. And me, on my part, Phœbus loves. I have always ready for Phœbus his favorite offerings, bays, and the sweetly blushing hyacinth.

D. Galatea, rogue that she is, pelts me with apples,<sup>1</sup> and flies to the willows, but wishes to be seen first.

M. But my flame, Amyntas, voluntarily offers himself to me ; so that now Delia's<sup>2</sup> self is not more familiar to our dogs.

D. A present is provided for my love : for I myself marked the place where the airy wood-pigeons have built.

M. What I could I sent to my boy, ten ruddy apples gathered from a tree in the wood : to morrow I will send him a second ten.

D. O how often, and what words Galatea spoke to me ! Some part of them, ye winds, waft to the ears of the gods.

M. What avails it, O Amyntas, that you despise me not in your heart, if, while you hunt the boars, I watch the toils.

D. Iollas, send to me Phyllis : it is my birthday. When

<sup>1</sup> The apple was sacred to Venus ; and a present of an apple, or the partaking of an apple with another, was a mark of affection ; and so also it was to throw an apple at one.

<sup>2</sup> Delia. Diana was so called, because she was born, as was said, in the island of Delos.

I make my offering by a heifer instead of fruits, come yourself.

M. Iollas, I love Phyllis above all others : for at my departure she wept, and long she cried, Farewell, fair youth, farewell.

D. The wolf is the bane of the flocks ; showers, of the ripened corn ; winds, of the trees ; mine, the anger of Amaryllis.

M. Moisture is grateful to the sown corn ; the arbutus to weaned kids ; the pliant willow to the breeding cattle ; to me, Amyntas alone.

D. Pollio loves my muse, though rustic : ye Pierian Sisters, feed a heifer for your reader.

M. Pollio himself, too, composes fresh poems : feed for him a bull which already butts with his horn, and spurns the sand with his feet.

D. Let him who loves you, Pollio, rise to the same pre-eminence to which he rejoices that you have risen : for him let honey flow, and let the prickly bramble bring forth a fragrant spice.

M. Let him who does not dislike the verses of Bavius,<sup>1</sup> be satisfied with yours, O Mævius ; and let him, too, yoke foxes to the plough and milk he-goats.

D. Ye swains who gather flowers, and strawberries that grow on the ground, oh fly hence ; a cold snake lurks in the grass.<sup>2</sup>

M. Take care, my sheep, that you advance not too far ; it is not safe to trust to the bank ; the ram himself is even now drying his fleece.

<sup>1</sup> Bavius and Mævius, two contemptible poets, contemporary with Virgil.

<sup>2</sup> The Greek proverb is, ὑπὸ παντὶ λίθῳ σκόρπιος [“under every stone a scorpion”].

D. Tityrus, drive back your browsing goats from the river; I myself, when the time comes, will wash them all in the pool.

M. Muster the sheep (under the shade), ye swains: if the heat should forestall the milk as it lately did, in vain shall we squeeze the teats with our hands.

D. Alas, alas, how lean is my bull amid the fattening vetches! love is the bane at once of the herd and the herdsman.

M. Surely love is not the cause with these: their flesh scarcely clings to their bones. Some evil eye or other is bewitching my tender lambs to my hurt.

D. Tell me, and you shall be my great Apollo, in what part of the earth is the expanse of the heaven visible for no more than three ells?<sup>1</sup>

M. Tell me in what land flowers grow, having inscribed themselves with the name of princes;<sup>2</sup> and have Phillis to yourself alone.

P. It is not for me to determine so great a controversy between you. Both he deserves the heifer and you too; and whosoever shall describe in song the fears of sweet loves and the pangs of bitter ones. Now, swains, close the runnels; the meadows have imbibed enough.

<sup>1</sup> Many solutions have been given to this enigma, some making the reference to be to a well; others to a pit in the forum, &c. Asconius Pedianus is, however, said to have heard Virgil himself say that he referred to the tomb of Cœlius, a spendthrift at Mantua, who spent all that he possessed, and retained merely enough ground for a tomb. If this be the correct solution, the enigma turns upon the similarity between *cœli*, "of heaven," and *Cœli* (i.e. *Cœlii*), "of Cœlius."

<sup>2</sup> The allusion is to the hyacinth, which has, according to a poetic legend, the letters AI marked on its petals, not only as a note of sorrow for the death of Hyacinthus, but also as constituting half the name of Ajax, i.e. Αἶας.

## ECLOGUE IV.

This Eclogue has given rise to much controversy among learned men. The great question is, who was the wonderful boy about to be born? Some say the son of Asinius Pollio, who had just returned to Rome after arranging at Brundisium terms of reconciliation between Octavianus and Antony. Others again argue that it was Marcellus, son of Marcellus and Octavia, sister of Octavianus, and now wife of Mark Antony. But young Marcellus was born, it would appear, about two years before the date usually assigned to the Eclogue, which, if the date be correct, is a fatal objection to his claim. It is the more difficult to determine who was meant since no child was born which became a regenerator of his race and times.

Some commentators consider that the child meant is Christ. To this theory, however, there are innumerable objections. It is quite possible—nay, certain—that Virgil must have heard of the expectation of the Jews, many of whom lived in Rome at that time, and that he may have used Jewish prophecy and the beautiful imagery of the Jewish prophets to glorify his friend and patron Pollio. There appears to have been a general expectation at that time over the whole Roman world that a person was to be born who would regenerate all things, and introduce a second golden age; and it is possible that Virgil may have been giving voice to that hope, without having any definite person in view.

Virgil has been censured for putting this poem among his Bucolics, since, say the critics, it is not a bucolic poem at all. It certainly does not contain any dialogues or songs of shepherds, or the other usual accessories of a pastoral poem, but it sets forth in beautiful language and in stately lines how men, and sheep, and goats, and bullocks will be freed from that drudgery and those hardships which they formerly endured. All the elements of pastoral life will be there, without the laceration of the plough and the harrow, will bring forth all things spontaneously; the plain will grow yellow with ripening corn: the fruit trees will be spared the knife of the pruner, and yet will bear their choicest produce. No poisonous herbs will endanger the life of man or

of cattle. No serpent will lurk in the grass to kill the shepherd or his flock. Honey will distil from the hard oak, and the bees will be saved their danger and their plagues; and grapes will grow even on the prickly bramble. All these things have surely a very direct bearing on country life; and though the Eclogue is not in due form, as an idyl or picture of life it has no equal among the other nine.

POLLIO.

Ye Sicilian Muses, let us sing somewhat higher strains. Vineyards and lowly tamarisks delight not all. If we sing of the country let our lays be worthy of a consul's ear. The last era of Cumæan<sup>1</sup> song, has now arrived: The great series of ages begins anew. Now, too, returns the virgin Astræa,<sup>2</sup> the reign of Saturn returns; now a new race of men is being sent down from high heaven. And in a special degree, O chaste Lucina, be but propitious to the infant boy, under whom first the iron age shall cease, and the golden age arise over all the world; now your own brother Apollo reigns. While you too, Pollio, while you are consul, this glory of our age shall make his entrance; and the grand months shall begin to roll. Under your auspices, whatever vestiges of our wickedness remain, shall be rendered harmless, and shall release the earth from constant dread. He shall partake of the life of gods, and he shall see heroes associating with the gods, and shall himself be seen by them, and with all the virtues of his father he shall rule a world at peace. Meanwhile the earth, O boy, as her first offerings, shall pour

<sup>1</sup> Cumæan song, from Cumæ, a city of Italy, north-west of Naples, in the vicinity of which resided the celebrated Cumæan Sibyl.

<sup>2</sup> Astræa was the gooddessa of Justice, who resided on earth during the reign of Saturn, *i.e.* the golden age. Being shocked by the impiety of mankind, she returned to heaven, and became one of the twelve signs of the zodiac, under the name of *Virgo*.

forth for you everywhere, without culture, creeping ivy with lady's glove, and Egyptian beans with smiling acanthus intermixed. The goats of their own accord shall bring home their udders distended with milk; nor shall the herds dread the great lions. The very cradle shall pour forth for you soothing flowers. Moreover, the serpent shall die; and the poisonous plant shall perish: the Assyrian spikenard shall grow on every soil. But as soon as you shall be able to read the praises of heroes, and the achievements of your father, and to understand what virtue is, the field shall gradually grow yellow with beardless ears of grain, and the blushing grapes shall hang on the wild brambles, and the hard oaks shall distil dewy honey in abundance. Yet some few traces of former vice shall remain, prompting men to brave the sea in ships, to enclose cities within walls, and to cleave furrows in the earth. There shall then be another Tiphys, and another Argo<sup>1</sup> to carry chosen heroes: there shall be likewise other wars; and a great Achilles shall once more be sent to Troy. After this, when confirmed age shall have ripened you into manhood, the sailor shall voluntary renounce the sea; nor shall merchant-ships barter commodities: all lands shall all things produce. The ground shall not suffer from the harrow, nor the vineyard from the pruning-hook; the sturdy ploughman, too, shall now release his bulls from the yoke; nor shall the wool learn to counterfeit various colors; but the ram shall of his own accord, even while at pasture, change the color of his fleece, now into sweet-blushing purple, now into saffron hue. Scarlet shall spontaneously clothe the lambs as they feed. The destinies, conforming to the fixed will of Fate, have said to their spindles, "Onward through such ages run." Dear offspring of the gods, illustrious foster-

<sup>1</sup> Argo, the name of the ship which carried Jason to Colchis, to recover the golden fleece. Tiphys was the pilot of the ship.



son of Jove, advance to your splendid honors ; the time will soon be here. See the whole world in its solid globe is heaving with emotion, the earth, the regions of the sea, and heaven sublime : See how all things rejoice at the age which is on the point of coming. Oh that I may live so long, and that I may retain so much power and poetic inspiration as to be able to celebrate your deeds. Neither Thracian Orpheus nor Linus shall surpass me in song, though his mother aid the one, and his sire the other—though Calliopea help Orpheus, and fair Apollo Linus. Should Pan contend with me, even with Arcadia as judge, Pan himself would own that he was beaten, Arcadia being the judge. Begin, O infant boy, to distinguish your mother by your smiles ; ten months brought on your mother tedious qualms. Begin, O infant boy ; that child on whom his parents have not been wont to smile, him neither a god has ever honored with his table, nor a goddess with her bed.

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## ECLOGUE V.

In this Eclogue, the shepherds Menalcas and Mopsus celebrate the funeral eulogium of Daphnis, supposed to represent Julius Cæsar. Menalcas would then be Virgil himself.

### MENALCAS, MOPSUS.

ME. Mopsus, since we are met, both skilled, you in piping on the slender reed, I in singing verses, why do we not sit down here among the elms intermixed with hazels?

MO. You, Menalcas, are my senior : it is right that I give way to you, whether we retire beneath the shades that shift under the fanning zephyrs, or rather into this grotto. See

how the wild vine has decked the cave with clusters here and there.

ME. Amyntas alone in our mountains may vie with you.

MO. What if he would strive to surpass Phœbus too in song?<sup>1</sup>

ME. Begin you, Mopsus, first; whether you have got any love-songs for Phyllis, or praises for Alcon, or invective against Codrus; begin: Tityrus will tend the browsing kids.

MO. Nay, rather will I try those verses which lately I inscribed on the green bark of a beech tree, and composing an air for them I noted the words and the music in turn:<sup>2</sup> After that, just you bid Amyntas vie with me (if he can).

ME. As far as the pliant willow is inferior to the pale olive, and humble lavender to crimson beds of roses; so far is Amyntas, in my judgment, inferior to you.

MO. But no more words, my lad: we have entered the grot. The nymphs wept Daphnis cut off by a cruel death; you hazels and you streams bore witness to the nymphs, when the mother, embracing the pitiable corpse of her son, denounced the cruelty of both gods and stars. During those days, O Daphnis, none drove their pastured oxen to the cooling streams: no beast either tasted of the brook, or touched a blade of grass. The wild mountains, Daphnis, and the woods, declare that even the African lions mourned your death. Daphnis taught us to yoke Armenian tigers in the chariot; Daphnis taught us to introduce dances in honor of Bacchus, and to wreath the pliant wands with soft leaves. As the vine is the glory of the trees, as grapes are of the vine, as the bull is of the flock, as standing corn is of fertile fields,

<sup>1</sup> This is said ironically—I suppose he'll be trying to beat Phœbus next.

<sup>2</sup> Or "setting them to music, I marked the alternations of the flute and the voice."—*Conington*.

so you were all the glory of your fellow-swains. Ever since the Fates snatched you away, Pales<sup>1</sup> herself, and the Apollo too, have left the fields. In those furrows in which we have often sown large-sized grains of barley, there unproductive darnel and barren wild oats grow. Instead of the soft violet, instead of the purple narcissus, the thistle springs up, and the Christ-thorn with its sharp prickles. Strew the ground with leaves, ye shepherds, form a shade over the fountains: these rites Daphnis ordains for himself; form a tomb too; and on that tomb inscribe this epitaph: I am Daphnis of the groves, hence even to the stars renowned, the shepherd of a fair flock, fairer myself.

ME. Such, matchless poet, is your song to me, as slumbers on the grass to the weary, as it is in scorching heat to quench one's thirst from a bubbling rivulet of delicious water. But you equal your master not in the pipe only, but also in your voice. Happy swain, you shall now be second to him. Yet, I will sing in my turn these verses of mine, as best I can, and laud your Daphnis to the stars: Daphnis I will raise to heaven; me too Daphnis loved.

MO. Can anything be more acceptable to me than such a favor? The swain himself was worthy to be sung, and Stimichon has long since praised to me that song of yours.

ME. Daphnis, in divine beauty, admires the hitherto unknown courts of heaven, and far below him beholds the clouds and stars. Hence a lively joy takes possession of the woods and every field, Pan and the shepherds, and the Dryad maids. Neither does the wolf meditate designs against the sheep, nor do any toils seek to ensnare the deer; kind Daphnis delights in peaceful rest. The very mountains, with their unhewn trees, for joy raise their voices to heaven: now

<sup>1</sup> Pales was the goddess of sheepfolds and of pastures.

the very rocks, the very groves, resound these notes : a god, a god he is, Menalcas. O be kind and propitious to your own ! Behold four altars ; lo, Daphnis, two for you, and two higher ones for Phœbus. Two bowls foaming with new milk and two goblets of rich oil will I present to you each year : and more especially enlivening the feast with plenty of wine, before the fire if it be winter, if harvest, in the shade, I will pour forth from tankards Ariusian wine,<sup>1</sup> a new and delicious beverage. Damœtas and Lyctian Ægon shall sing to me : Alpheisibœus shall mimic the frisking satyrs. These rites shall be ever thine, both when we yearly pay our solemn vows to the nymphs, and when we make the circuit of the fields. So long as the boar shall love the tops of the mountains ; so long as the fishes shall love the floods ; so long as bees shall feed on thyme, and grasshoppers on dew, your honor, your name, and your praise shall still remain. As to Bacchus and Ceres, so to you the swains shall yearly perform their vows : you too shall bind them to their vows.

Mo. What, what returns shall I make to you for a song like that ? For neither the whispers of the rising south wind, nor shores lashed by the wave, nor rivers that descend through rocky glens, please me so much.

ME. First I will present you with this brittle reed. This taught me, "Corydon loved the fair Alexis." This same taught me, "Whose is this flock ? is it that of Melibœus ?"

Mo. But do you, Menalcas, accept this shepherd's crook, beautiful for the uniformity of its knobs and brass, which Antigenes never could get from me, though he often begged it ; and at that time he was very worthy of my love.

<sup>1</sup> Ariusia, a district of Chios, now Scio, an island in the Archipelago, celebrated for its excellent wine.

## ECLOGUE VI.

Silenus, a demi-god and companion of Bacchus, noted for his love of wine and for his skill in music, here discourses on the formation of the world, and the nature of things, according to the doctrine of the Epicureans. The poem is addressed to Alfenus Varus, who had been appointed by Octavianus to apportion to the veterans the lands that had been assigned them in Cisalpine Gaul. Some think it was Q. Atius Varus.

## SILENUS.

My Muse, Thalia, in her first attempt deigned to sport in Sicilian strains, nor was she ashamed to inhabit the woods. When I would sing of kings and battles, Apollo pulled my ear, and warned me thus: A shepherd, Tityrus, should heed the fattening of his sheep, and sing a humble lay. Now then, O Varus,<sup>1</sup> I will compose a pastoral song on my slender reed, for there will be poets in abundance eager to celebrate your praises, and record woe-begetting wars. I sing not unbidden strains; yet whoso shall read these poems also, whoso shall read through love of them to him, O Varus, our tamarisks, our whole plantations, shall sing of you, nor is any page more acceptable to Phœbus than that which has inscribed on it the name of Varus. Proceed, O Muses. Two youthful swains, Chromis and Mnasyllus, saw Silenus lying asleep in his cave, his veins swollen, as they always are, by yesterday's debauch. His garlands, all but fallen from his head, lay close by, and his heavy flagon hung by its well-worn handle. Taking hold of him, for often the

<sup>1</sup> Varus was appointed to succeed Pollio in Cisalpine Gaul. He is said to have been a fellow-student with Virgil under Siron.

old man had deluded them both with the promise of a song, they threw upon him bonds, formed from his own wreaths. Ægle comes unexpectedly upon the timorous swains, and joins them in the fun; Ægle, fairest of the Naiads; and, as he now locks up, she paints his forehead and temples with blood-red mulberries. He, smiling at the trick, says, Why do you fasten these bonds? Loose me, swains: it is enough that you show you have been able to bind me. Hear the song which you desire: the song for you: for her I shall find another reward. At the same time he begins of his own accord. Then you might have seen the Fauns and wild beasts frisking in measured dance, then the stiff oaks waving their tops. Neither does the Parnassian rock<sup>1</sup> rejoice so much in Phœbus: nor do Rhodope and Ismarus<sup>2</sup> so much admire Orpheus [as did the Fauns Silenus]. For he sang how, through the mighty void, the seeds of earth, and air, and sea, and pure fire had been brought together; how from these first principles all the elements, and the world's plastic globe itself, combined into a system: how the soil then began to be hard, to shut up Nereus apart<sup>3</sup> in the seabed, and by degrees to assume the forms of visible objects: and how anon the earth was astonished to see the new-born sun shine from on high; and how from the clouds raised aloft, the showers fell: when first the woods began to rise, and when the animals, yet few, began to range the mountains, unknowing and unknown. He next tells of the stones which Pyrrha<sup>4</sup> threw, of the reign of Saturn, of the birds

<sup>1</sup> Parnassus, a celebrated mountain of Phocis in Greece, sacred to Apollo and the Muses, remarkable for its two summits.

<sup>2</sup> Rhodope and Ismarus, two high mountains in Thrace.

<sup>3</sup> *I.e.*, to separate the waters into their channel, Nereus the sea-god being here put for the waters in general.

<sup>4</sup> Pyrrha, the wife of Deucalion, in whose day all mankind

of Caucasus, and the theft of Prometheus.<sup>1</sup> To these he adds how the sailors had called aloud for Hylas, left behind at the fountain ;<sup>2</sup> how the whole shore resounded Hylas, Hylas. He sings how Pasiphaë<sup>3</sup> solaced herself by the love of the snow-white bull : happy woman had she been if herds had never existed ! Ah, ill-fated female, what madness seized you ? The daughters of Prætus<sup>4</sup> with imitative lowings filled the fields : yet none of them sought such vile embraces, however they might have dreaded the plough on their necks, and often felt for horns on their smooth foreheads. Ah, ill-fated woman, you are now roaming on the mountains ! He, resting his snowy side on the soft hyacinth, ruminates the pale-green grass under some gloomy oak, or follows after some cow in the numerous herd. Ye nymphs, close now, ye Dictæan<sup>5</sup> nymphs, close the entrances to the forests, if by any chance the bull's wandering footsteps may present themselves to my sight. Perhaps some heifers may lead him on to the Gortynian stalls,<sup>6</sup> either enticed by the verdant pas-

was destroyed by a deluge, these two excepted. On consulting the oracle, they were directed to repair the loss by throwing stones behind their backs ; those thrown by Pyrrha were changed into women, and those by Deucalion into men.

<sup>1</sup> Prometheus, having made a man of clay, which he animated with fire stolen from heaven, was, for the impiety, chained to a rock on the top of Caucasus, where a vulture continually preyed upon his liver.

<sup>2</sup> Hylas, a youth, the favorite of Hercules, who accompanied the Argonautic expedition. He was drowned in the Ascanius, a river of Bithynia, which afterwards received his name.

<sup>3</sup> Pasiphaë, the wife of Minos, king of Crete, who disgraced herself by her unnatural passion.

<sup>4</sup> Prætus, king of Argolis, whose three daughters became insane for neglecting the worship of Bacchus, or, according to some, for preferring themselves to Juno.

<sup>5</sup> Cretan nymphs, from Dicte, a mountain in the island of Crete, where Jupiter was worshipped.

<sup>6</sup> Gortyna, an ancient city of Crete, the country around which produced excellent pastures.

ture, or in search of the herd. Then he sings of the virgin, charmed by the apples of the Hesperides:<sup>1</sup> next he surrounds the sisters of Phaethon<sup>2</sup> with the moss of bitter bark, and raises them as stately alders from the ground. Then he sings how one of the Sister Muses led Gallus, as he was wandering by the stream of Permessus,<sup>3</sup> to the Aonian mountains; and how the whole choir of Phœbus rose up to do honor to the noble man: how Linus, shepherd of song divine, his locks adorned with flowers and bitter parsley, thus addressed him: Here, takes these pipes the Muses give you, which they gave before to the ancient bard of Ascra;<sup>4</sup> by which he was wont to draw down the rigid wild ashes from the mountains. On these let the origin of Grynium's grove<sup>5</sup> be sung by you; in such strains that there may be no grove in which Apollo may have greater pride. Why should I tell either how he sang of Scylla<sup>6</sup> the daughter of Nisus, of whom it is fabled that she, her snowy waist begirt with barking monsters, tossed Dulichian ships, and in the deep abyss, alas, tore the trembling sailors in pieces by her sea-dogs; or how he described the transformed limbs of

<sup>1</sup> Alluding to the story of Atalanta.

<sup>2</sup> The sisters of Phaethon, bewailing his unhappy end, were changed into poplars by Jupiter. It may mean daughters of Phaethon, as in later times the name Phaethon was applied to Sol.

<sup>3</sup> Permessus, a river issuing from Mount Helicon, in Aonia (Bœotia), sacred to the Muses.

<sup>4</sup> Hesiod, so named from Ascra, a village of Bœotia, where he was born.

<sup>5</sup> Grynium, a town on the coast of Mysia, in Asia Minor, where Apollo had a temple.

Scylla, daughter of Nisus, king of Megara, is here confounded with Scylla, daughter of Phorcys, who was changed by Circe into a frightful monster, and gave her name to the rocks between Italy and Sicily. Dulichian ships, those of Ulysses, who was king of the island of Dulichium.



Tereus?<sup>1</sup> what banquets and what presents Philomela prepared for him? with what speed he sought the deserts, and with what wings, ill-fated one, he fluttered over the palace once his own? All those songs he sings, which Eurotas<sup>2</sup> heard and was happy, and bade its laurels learn by heart when Phœbus played of old: the valleys, smitten by the sound, re-echo to the stars; till Vesper warned the shepherds to pen their sheep in the folds, and reckon their number; and then went forth from reluctant Olympus.

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## ECLOGUE VII.

In this Eclogue, Virgil, as Melibœus, gives an account of a poetical contest between Thyrsis and Corydon.

### MELIBŒUS, CORYDON, THYRSIS.

M. As it chanced, Daphnis had sat down under a whispering holm-oak, and Corydon and Thyrsis had driven their flocks together; Thyrsis his sheep, Corydon his goats distended with milk: both in the flower of their age, Arcadians both,<sup>3</sup> equally prepared to sing and to reply. In this

<sup>1</sup> Tereus, a king of the Thracians. He married Procne, who, in revenge for his having violated her sister Philomela, and cut out her tongue, killed his son Itys, and served him up at a banquet. According to the poets, they were all changed into different kinds of birds.

<sup>2</sup> Eurotas (Basilipotamo), a river of Laconia, washing ancient Sparta, and falling into the Mediterranean.

<sup>3</sup> *I.e.* both skilled in music, which was greatly cultivated among the Arcadians. No reference to their country is intended, but merely to their musical excellence.

direction, the he-goat himself, the husband of the flock, had strayed away from me, while I am engaged in protecting my delicate myrtles from the cold, and I espy Daphnis: when he in turn sees me, he cries out, Come hither quickly, Melibœus; your goat is safe, and your kids too; and if you can linger a while, rest under this shade. Your bullocks will of themselves come across the meads to drink. Here Mincius<sup>1</sup> has fringed the verdant banks with tender reed, and from the sacred oak swarms of bees resound. What could I do? I had neither an Alcippe, nor a Phyllis, to shut up at home my weaned lambs: but the contest, Corydon against Thyrsis, was a great one. So, after all, I postponed my serious business to their sport. Accordingly the two began to contend in alternate strains. The Muses wished them to compete in Amœbæan verse. The one Corydon, the other Thyrsis, recited each in turn.

C. Ye Libethrian nymphs, my delight, either favor me with such a song as you did my Codrus,<sup>2</sup>—he makes verses next to those of Phœbus,—or, since we cannot all attain to this, here my tuneful pipe shall hang on this sacred pine.

T. Ye Arcadian shepherds, deck with ivy your rising poet, that Codrus' sides may burst with envy; or if he (Codrus) praises yours beyond what is just, bind his brow with lady's glove, lest the evil tongue should hurt your future bard.

C. To you, Delian goddess, young Mycon presents for me this head of a bristly boar, and the branching horns of a long-lived stag. If this success be lasting, you shall stand

<sup>1</sup> Mincius, the Mincio, a river in the north of Italy, falling into the Po, below Mantua.

<sup>2</sup> Codrus, supposed to be a Latin poet, contemporary with Virgil.

at full length in polished marble, your legs encased in the scarlet buskin.

T. A pail of milk and these cakes, Priapus,<sup>1</sup> are enough for you to expect yearly ; you are the keeper of a poor garden. Now we have erected a marble statue of you such as the times admit ; but if the lambling shall recruit my flock, you shall be fashioned in gold.

C. Galatea, daughter of Nereus, sweeter to me than Hybla's thyme, whiter than swans, fairer than pale ivy, soon as the well-fed steers shall return to their stalls, come, if you have any regard for Corydon.

T. Nay, may I even appear to you more bitter than Sardinian herbs,<sup>2</sup> more prickly than butcher's broom, more worthless than upcast sea-weed, if this day be not already longer to me than a whole year. Go home, my well-fed steers ; if you have any shame, go home.

C. You mossy fountains, and grass more soft than sleep, and verdant arbutus that covers you with its thin shade, ward off the midsummer heat from my flock : now scorching summer comes, now the buds swell on the joyful tendrils.

T. Here is a glowing hearth, and resinous torches ; here is always plenty of fire, and lintels blackened with continual smoke. Here we as much regard the cold of Boreas<sup>3</sup> as either the wolf does the number [of the sheep], or foaming rivers their banks.

<sup>1</sup> Priapus, a deity among the ancients, who presided over gardens. He was the son of Bacchus and Venus, and was chiefly worshipped at Lampsacus, on the Hellespont.

<sup>2</sup> Sardinian herbs, a bitter herb, which grew in the island of Sardinia, said to cause convulsions and death. As it produced a sort of convulsive and involuntary grin, it is said to have given origin to the phrase "a sardonic smile." But this is doubtful.

<sup>3</sup> Boreas, the name of the north wind. According to the ancient poets, Boreas was the son of Astræus and Aurora.

C. Junipers and prickly chestnuts stand bristling<sup>1</sup> all about, beneath each tree its apples lie outspread; now all things smile; but were fair Alexis absent from these hills, you would see even the rivers dry.

T. The soil is parched; through the excessive heat the dying herbage thirsts; Bacchus has envied our hills the shadow of his vine; but at the approach of our Phyllis, every grove shall look green, and Jove shall abundantly descend in fertilizing showers.

C. The poplar is most pleasing to Hercules, the vine to Bacchus, to lovely Venus the myrtle, to Phœbus his own bays; Phyllis loves the hazels: so long as Phyllis loves them, neither shall the myrtle, nor the laurel of Phœbus surpass the hazels.

T. The ash is the fairest tree in the plantations, the pine in the gardens, the poplar by the rivers, the silver-fir on lofty mountains: but if, my charming Lycidas, you make me more frequent visits, the ash in the woods shall give place to you, and the pine in the gardens.

M. These verses I remember, and that being overmatched Thyrsis contended in vain. From that time Corydon is Corydon to us.<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> The force of "stant," "stand," is more than simply *sunt*, "are." It seems to suggest the rough and prickly character of the shrubs and their fruits.

<sup>2</sup> That is, Corydon is our poet. He has no rival in our eyes.

## ECLOGUE VIII.

This Eclogue was sent to Pollio as he was returning in B.C. 39 from Dalmatia after subduing the Parthini, an Illyrian tribe. It consists of two unconnected songs. Damon laments the loss of his mistress; while Alphesibœus, in the character of a woman, records the charms of an enchantress. It is usually called "Pharmaceutria," *i.e.* The "Sorceress," from the latter part of it.

## DAMON, ALPHESIBŒUS.

The song of the shepherds, Damon and Alphesibœus, whom the heifers, unmindful of their pastures, gazed at in wonder as they strove; at whose lay the lynxes were struck with astonishment, and the rivers having changed their channels, caused their currents to halt; the songs of Damon and Alphesibœus I will celebrate.

Whether you are now passing to my joy over the rocks of broad Timavus,<sup>1</sup> or cruising along the coast of the Illyrian Sea;<sup>2</sup> say, will that day ever come, when I shall be allowed to sing your deeds? say, shall it come that I may be permitted to diffuse over the world your verses, which alone merit comparison with the lofty style of Sophocles? With you my muse began; with you it shall end. Accept poems undertaken by your command, and permit this ivy to creep around your temples among your victorious laurels.

Scarce had the cold shades of night retired from the sky, what time the dew on the tender grass is most grateful to the cattle, when Damon, leaning on his smooth olive staff, thus began:—

<sup>1</sup> Timavus, the Timavo, a river of Italy, rising at the foot of the Alps, and falling into the gulf of Trieste.

<sup>2</sup> The Adriatic Sea between Italy and Dalmatia.

D. Arise, Lucifer, and advancing usher in the kindly light of day ; while I, beguiled by a husband's unrequited love for Nysa, utter my complaints, and now dying, address the gods in my last hour, although I have profited nothing by taking them to witness. Begin with me, my flute, Mænalian strains. Mænalus<sup>1</sup> always has a whispering grove and echoing pines ; he ever hears the love-songs of shepherds, and Pan, the first who suffered not the reeds to be unemployed. Begin with me, my flute, Mænalian strains. Nysa is given in marriage to Mopsus ! what may not we lovers expect ? Griffins now shall mate with horses, and in the succeeding age the timorous does shall come to drink with dogs. Begin with me, my flute, Mænalian strains. Mopsus, cut fresh nuptial torches : for a wife is on the point of being brought home. Scatter nuts, bridegroom ; for you the evening star is leaving the heights of Cæta.<sup>2</sup> Begin with me, my flute, Mænalian strains. O Bride, you are wedded to a husband worthy of you ! while you disdain all others, and while you detest my flute and goats, my shaggy eye-brows, and my overgrown beard ; and yet you believe not that any god regards the affairs of mortals. Begin with me, my flute, Mænalian strains. When you were but a little girl, I saw you with your mother gathering the dewy apples within our enclosure ; I was your guide ; I had then just entered on my twelfth year, I was then just able to reach the slender boughs from the ground. As soon as I saw you, how I was undone ! O how the madness of love carried me away ! Begin with me, my flute, Mænalian strains. Now I know what love is :

<sup>1</sup> Mænalus, a mountain of Arcadia in Greece, sacred to Pan. It was covered with pine trees.

<sup>2</sup> Cæta, a celebrated mountain, or, more properly, chain of mountains, between Thessaly and Greece Proper. It was so high, that the poets spoke of the sun, moon and stars as rising behind it.

Ismarus, or Rhodope, or the remotest Garamantes,<sup>1</sup> produced him on rugged cliffs, a boy not of our race or blood. Begin with me, my flute, Mænalian strains. Relentless love taught the mother<sup>2</sup> to imbrue her hands in her own children's blood; a cruel mother too were you: whether more cruel was the mother or more relentless the boy? Relentless was the boy: you, mother, too, were cruel. Begin with me, my flute, Mænalian strains. Now let the wolf, contrary to expectation, fly from the sheep; the hard oaks bear ruddy apples; the alder bloom with narcissus; rich amber exude from the tamarisk bark; let owls contend with swans; let Tityrus be Orpheus; an Orpheus in the woods, an Arion<sup>3</sup> among the Dolphins: begin with me, my flute, Mænalian strains, let all be shoreless ocean. Ye woods, farewell; from the summit of yon aerial mountain will I throw myself headlong into the waves: receive this last present from me dying. Cease, my flute, now cease Mænalian strains.

Thus Damon: Pierian muses, say what Alpheus sang. All things are not possible to all.

A. Bring forth water, and encircle these altars with a soft fillet: burn thereon oily vervain and male<sup>4</sup> frankincense, that I may try, by sacred magic spells, to make my lover madly love. Only charms are here wanting. Bring him home from the town, my charms, bring Daphnis home.

<sup>1</sup> Garamantes, a people in the interior of Africa, occupying an oasis in the great desert now called Sahara.

<sup>2</sup> This cruel mother is Medea, who, to be avenged on Jason for preferring another woman to her, slew, in his presence, her own sons whom she bore to him.

<sup>3</sup> Arion, a famous lyric poet and musician of the isle of Lesbos. On his return to Corinth from Italy, the mariners formed a plot to murder him for his riches, when he threw himself into the sea, and was carried on the back of a dolphin to Tænarus in the Morea.

<sup>4</sup> *I.e.*, frankincense of the best sort.

Charms can even draw down the moon from heaven ; by charms Circe<sup>1</sup> transformed the companions of Ulysses ; the cold snake is made to burst in the meadows by incantation. Bring him home from the town, my charms, bring Daphnis home. First, these three threads, with threefold colors varied, I round you twine ; and thrice lead your image round these altars. The gods delight in uneven numbers. Bring him home from the town, my charms, bring Daphnis home. Bind, Amaryllis, three colors in three knots ; just bind them, Amaryllis ; and say, I bind the chains of Venus. Bring him home from the town, my charms, bring Daphnis home. As this clay hardens and as this wax dissolves with one and the same fire, so may Daphnis by my love. Sprinkle the salt cake, and burn the crackling laurels in bitumen. Me cruel Daphnis burns ; I burn this laurel over Daphnis. Bring him home from the town, my charms, bring Daphnis home. May such love possess Daphnis as when a heifer, tired with ranging after the bull through lawns and lofty groves, hopeless falls prostrate on the green sedge by a stream of water, and heeds not to depart even late at night : let such love seize Daphnis ; nor let his cure be my concern. Bring him home from the town, my charms, bring Daphnis home. That faithless one left these garments with me some time ago, the dear pledges of himself ; which I now commit to you, O earth, at my very threshold : these pledges owe Daphnis to me. Bring him home from the town, my charms, bring Daphnis home. These herbs, and these baneful plants, gathered in Pontus,<sup>2</sup> Mœris himself gave me :

<sup>1</sup> Circe, a daughter of Sol and Perse, celebrated for her knowledge of magic and poisonous herbs. She changed the companions of Ulysses into swine ; but afterwards, at his solicitation, restored them to their former state.

<sup>2</sup> Pontus, a country of Asia Minor, bordering on the Euxine.



they grow in abundance in Pontus. By these have I seen Mœris transform himself into a wolf, and skulk in the woods, often from the deep graves call forth the ghosts, and transfer the springing harvests to another ground. Bring him home from the town, my charms, bring Daphnis home. Bring forth ashes, Amaryllis, and throw them over your head into a flowing brook ; look not behind you. Daphnis with these I will assail : nought he regards the gods, nought my charms. Bring him home from the town, my charms, bring Daphnis home. See the very ashes have spontaneously seized the altars with flickering flames, while I delay to remove them. May it be a happy omen. 'Tis certainly something strange ; and Hylax<sup>1</sup> is barking in the entrance. Do I believe it? or do those in love form to themselves fantastic dreams? Spare him ; Daphnis comes from the town ; now spare him, my charms.

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## ECLOGUE IX.

Virgil having been promised the restoration of his farm by Octavianus, went back to Mantua to claim his property, but he found himself resisted by Arrius, to whom it had been given, and his life threatened. He fled before the angry soldier, and again "appealed unto Cæsar," by whom he was fully and finally reinstated.

### LYCIDAS, MÆRIS.

L. Whither, Mœris, do your feet bear you? is it to the town whither the way leads?

M. Ah, Lycidas, we have lived to see the day when a

<sup>1</sup> Hylax, the name of a dog.

stranger, occupant of my little farm, a thing I never feared, should say, this property is mine; move off, you former tenants. Now vanquished and disconsolate, since fortune turns all things upside down, I am conveying to him these kids, and may bad luck go with them.

L. Surely, I heard that your master, Menalcas, had saved by his poems all that ground where the hills begin to sink and to lower their ridge in a gentle slope, even to the river (Mincius) and to the aged beech trees, mere broken tops.

M. You heard it, Lycidas, and there was a rumor to that effect; but our poems have as much power against the soldiers' weapons, as they say the Chaonian<sup>1</sup> doves have when the eagle swoops upon them. But had not a crow on the left previously warned me from a hollow holm-oak to end quickly the rising quarrel by any means whatever, neither your Mœris here, nor Menalcas himself, would now be alive.

L. Alas, does so great wickedness take possession of any one? Alas, Menalcas, were the charms of your poetry almost snatched from us with yourself? Who, then, would there have been to sing of the nymphs? who with flowering herbs to strew the ground, or cover with verdant shade the springs? or who to sing those songs which I lately picked up from you quietly when you were betaking yourself to Amaryllis, the delight of all of us? "Feed, Tityrus, my goats while I am on my way back, the road is short; and when they are fed, drive them, Tityrus, to watering; and whilst doing so, beware of meeting the he-goat: he butts with the horn."

M. Nay, rather those which he sang to Varus, and that too though unfinished: "Varus, the swans shall raise your name aloft to the stars in their song, if Mantua but remain

<sup>1</sup> Chaonia was a mountainous part of Epirus, in which was the sacred grove of Dodona, where pigeons were said to deliver oracles.

in our possession; Mantua, alas, too near ill-fated Cremona!"<sup>1</sup>

L. If you retain any, begin; so may your swans avoid Cyrnean yews:<sup>2</sup> so may your cows, fed with cytissus, distend their udders. The Muses have made me also a poet: I too have my verses; the shepherds call me, too, bard: but to them I give no credit: for as yet methinks I sing nothing worthy of a Varius or a Cinna,<sup>3</sup> but only gabble like<sup>4</sup> a goose among melodious swans.

M. That very thing, Lycidas, is what I am about; and now am turning it over in silence with myself, if I can recollect it: for it is no mean song. "Come hither, Galathea: for what sport have you among the waves? Here is blooming spring; here, by the rivers, earth pours forth her various flowers; here the white poplar overhangs the grotto, and the limber vines weave shady bowers. Come hither: leave the wild waves to lash the shores."

L. How about those verses which I heard you singing by yourself one cloudless evening? I remember the tune if I could recollect the words.

M. Daphnis, why gaze you on the risings of the signs of ancient date? Lo, Dionæan Cæsar's<sup>5</sup> star has appeared; the star under the influence of which the fields were to rejoice

<sup>1</sup> Cremona, a city of Italy on the northern bank of the Po. Its lands were divided among the veteran soldiers of Augustus.

<sup>2</sup> Cynus, now Corsica, an island in the Mediterranean, near the coast of Italy. The honey produced here had a bitter taste, in consequence of the bees feeding on the yew trees, with which the island abounded.

<sup>3</sup> Cinna, a grandson of Pompey. He was the intimate friend of Augustus, and a patron of Virgil.

<sup>4</sup> The poet puns upon the name of Anser, a contemporary poet.

<sup>5</sup> Cæsar of the Julian family sprung from Æneas the son of Venus, whom mythology makes the daughter of Jupiter and Dione.

in their produce and the grape acquire its ripening here, on sunny hills. Daphnis, plant your pear-trees. Posterity will pluck the fruit due to your care. Age bears away all things, even the memory itself. I remember that, when a boy, I often spent long summer-days in song. Now all these songs I have forgotten; now his voice itself has left Mœris; the wolves first caught sight of Mœris.<sup>1</sup> But these Menalcas himself will often enough repeat to you.

L. By framing excuses you put off for a long time my fond desire. And now the whole sea for you lies smooth and still; and see how every breath of sighing wind has died away. Just here we are midway on our journey. Bianor's<sup>2</sup> tomb comes now in sight. Here, where the swains are stripping off the dense leaves, here Mœris let us sing. Here leave your kids; after all we shall reach the town. Or if we are afraid that the night may draw to rain ere that, let us go on still singing; the way is less tedious. So that we may sing as we go, I will ease you of this burden.

M. Shepherd, no more words; and let us mind our pressing business. We shall sing those songs to more advantage when [Menalcas] himself arrives.

<sup>1</sup> Alluding to a superstitious notion, that if a wolf saw a man before it was seen by him, it made him lose his voice.

<sup>2</sup> The same as Ocnus, the founder of Mantua.

## ECLOGUE X.

Cornelius Gallus, to whom this Eclogue is inscribed, was both a soldier and a poet. He was greatly enamored of Cytheris, whom he calls Lycoris, celebrated for her beauty and her intrigues; but she forsook him, and accompanied one of the soldiers of Agrippa into Gaul.

## GALLUS.

Allow me, O Arethusa,<sup>1</sup> this last effort. A few verses, but such as Lycoris herself may read, I must sing to my Gallus. Who can deny a verse to Gallus? So, when you glide beneath the Sicilian wave, may the salt Doris<sup>2</sup> not intermingle her streams with yours. Begin: let us sing the anxious loves of Gallus, while the flat-nosed goats browse the tender shrubs. We sing not to the deaf; the woods echo it all. What groves, virgin Naiads, or what glades detained you, while Gallus pined with ill-requited love? for neither any of the summits of Parnassus, nor those of Pindus<sup>3</sup> nor Aonian Aganippe, kept you back. The very bays, the very tamarisks bemoaned him: even pine-crowned Mænalus bewailed him as he lay beneath a lonely ledge, and over him the rocks of cold Lycæus<sup>4</sup> wept. His sheep too stand around him, nor are they ashamed of me (as their

<sup>1</sup> Arethusa, the nymph who presided over the fountain of the same name in Sicily.

<sup>2</sup> Doris, a sea nymph, the mother of the Nereids; here used to express the sea itself.

<sup>3</sup> Pindus, a mountain between Thessaly and Epirus, sacred to Apollo and the Muses. Aonian Aganippe, a celebrated fountain of Bœotia of which Aonia was a district.

<sup>4</sup> Lycæus, a mountain of Arcadia, sacred to Jupiter, and also to Pan.

poet); and, O divine bard, be not ashamed of your flock; even fair Adonis<sup>1</sup> tended sheep by the streams. The shepherd too came up; the slow-paced swineherd came; Menalcas came wet from the mast, the winter's food. All ask who is the object of this passion of yours? Apollo came: Gallus, he says, why this frenzied love? Lycoris, for whom you care, has followed another through snows and horror-breeding camps. Silvanus<sup>2</sup> too came up, his head adorned with rustic glory, tossing the flowering fennels and giant lilies. Pan, the god of Arcadia, came: whom we ourselves have seen all red with the elder's purple berries and with vermilion. Is there to be no end of this? Cupid likes not such things. Relentless Cupid is not satisfied with tears, nor grassy meads with streams, nor bees with cytissus, nor goats with leaves. But he in sorrow thus replied, Yet you Arcadians shall sing these my loves for me to your mountains, you Arcadians, alone skilled in song. Oh how softly then may my bones repose, if your pipe in future times shall sing my loves! And would to heaven I had been one of you, and either keeper of a flock of yours, or vintager of the ripe grape! At any rate, whether Phyllis or Amyntas, or any one else, had been my love, what then though Amyntas be swarthy? the violet is black, and black too are hyacinths; either would now be resting with me among the willows under the limber vine; Phyllis would now be gathering garlands for me, Amyntas would be singing to me. Here are cool fountains; here, Lycoris, soft meads, here a grove: here in your country I might wear away and die with you by mere lapse of time. As it is, passionate love of stern

<sup>1</sup> Adonis, a youth, the favorite of Venus: having lost his life by the bite of a wild boar, he was changed into the flower Anemone.

<sup>2</sup> Silvanus, a rural deity among the Romans, who presided over woods.

Mars detains me, in the midst of darts and opposing foes. You, far from your native land,—forbid that I should believe such a thing,—are now alone and apart from me, beholding nothing but Alpine snows, and the colds of the Rhine, ah, hard-hearted one. Ah, may these colds not hurt you! ah, may the sharp ice not wound your tender feet! I will go, and practise on the Sicilian shepherd's reed those songs which were composed by me in Chalcidian strain.<sup>1</sup> I am resolved rather to suffer on in the woods among the dens of wild beasts, and to inscribe my loves upon the tender trees: they will increase; you, my loves, will increase. Meanwhile, in company with the nymphs, I will traverse Mænalus, or hunt the fierce boars. No colds shall hinder me from coursing with my hounds the Parthenian glades.<sup>2</sup> Already over rocks and resounding groves I seem to roam: It is my delight to shoot Cydonian shafts from the Parthian bow: as if this was a cure for my passion; or as if the god Cupid could learn to be melted by human woes. Now, neither the nymphs of the groves nor songs themselves charm me any more: ye very woods, once more give way. No sufferings of ours can change him, though amidst frosts we drink of Hebrus,<sup>3</sup> and undergo the Sithonian snows<sup>4</sup> of watery winter; or even if we should tend our flocks in Ethiopia,<sup>5</sup> beneath the sign of Cancer, when the dying rind withers on the stately elm. Love conquers everything;

<sup>1</sup> That is, in the elegiac strain of Euphorion, a Greek poet of Chalcis in Eubœa.

<sup>2</sup> Parthenius was a mountain of Arcadia, for which it is here used; as Cydonian shafts is used for Cretan darts,—Cydon being a city of Crete.

<sup>3</sup> The cold of the Hebrus in Thrace was celebrated, as we find from Horace, 1 Ep. 3. 3.

<sup>4</sup> Sithonian snows, from Sithonia, a part of Thrace.

<sup>5</sup> By the ancients this name was applied to modern Abyssinia and the southern regions of Africa.

let us also yield to love. These strains, divine Muses of Pieria, it shall suffice your poet to have sung, while sitting and weaving his little basket of slender osiers: these you will make of the highest worth to Gallus; to Gallus, for whom my love grows as much every hour, as the green alder shoots up in the early spring. Let us arise: the shade is wont to prove hurtful to singers; the juniper's shade now grows noxious; the shades are damaging even to the crops. Go home, my full-fed goats; the evening star arises, go home.



# THE GEORGICS.

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## BOOK I.

This Poem, undertaken at the particular request of Mæcenas, to whom it is dedicated, has justly been esteemed the most perfect and finished of Virgil's works. Of the Four Books of which it consists, the first treats of ploughing and preparing the ground; the Second, of sowing and planting; the Third, of the management of cattle; and the Fourth gives an account of bees, and of the mode of keeping them.

What makes luxuriant corn crops; under what star it is proper to turn up the earth and to wed the vines to the elms; what care oxen require, what is the proper treatment for tending sheep; and how great experience is needed for managing the frugal bees, henceforth, O Mæcenas, I will begin to sing. Ye brilliant lights of the world, that conduct down heaven's slope the quickly moving year; O Bacchus and fostering Ceres, if by your gift mortals exchanged the Chaonian acorn for rich ears of grain, and mingled draughts of Achelous<sup>1</sup> with the new-found wine; and ye Fauns, helpful deities of rustics, ye Fauns and virgin Dryads, advance together: your bounteous gifts I sing. And you, O Neptune, to whom the earth, struck with your mighty trident, first gave forth the neighing steed; and you,

<sup>1</sup> Achelous (Aspro Potamo), a river of Epirus in Greece, fabled to have been the first river that sprang from the earth after the deluge; hence it was frequently put by the ancients, as it is here, for water.

Aristæus, tenant of the groves, for whom three hundred snow-white bullocks crop Cea's<sup>1</sup> fertile glades: you chiefly, O Pan, guardian of sheep, O god of Tegea,<sup>2</sup> if your own Mænalus be your care, draw nigh propitious, leaving your native grove, and the dells of Lycæus: and you Minerva, producer of the olive; and you, O youthful Triptolemus, inventor of the crooked plough; and you Sylvanus, bearing a tender cypress plucked up by the root: come gods and goddesses all, whose charge it is to guard the fields, both you who cause new crops to spring from no seed, and you who on the sown lands send down from heaven abundant showers.

And you especially, O Cæsar, concerning whom it is yet uncertain what councils of the gods are soon to have you; whether you will choose to guard cities, or prefer the care of continents, and whether the widely extended globe shall receive you, giver of its increase, and lord of its seasons, binding your temples with the myrtle sacred to your mother: or whether you become a god of the boundless ocean, and mariners worship your divinity alone; whether remotest Thule<sup>3</sup> is to be subject to you, and Tethys<sup>4</sup> is to purchase you for her son-in-law with all her waves; or whether you will add yourself to the slow months, as a new constellation, where there is space vacant between Erigone and the Scorpion's pursuing claws: the blazing Scorpion of his own accord already contracts his arms and leaves for you more

<sup>1</sup> Cea (Zea), an island in the Archipelago, one of the Cyclades.

<sup>2</sup> Pan is so called, from Tegea, a town of Arcadia, which was sacred to him.

<sup>3</sup> "Thule," variously identified with Zetland, Jutland, Greenland, Iceland, and even part of Norway.

<sup>4</sup> Tethys, the chief of the sea-deities, was the wife of Oceanus. The word is often used by the poets to express the sea.

than an equal proportion of the sky; whatever you are to be—for Tartarus does not hope for you as its king, and let not such a fell desire of empire seize you, though Greece admires her Elysian fields, and though Proserpine,<sup>1</sup> when asked to return, is not inclined to follow her mother—grant me an easy course, and favor my adventurous enterprise; and joining with me in pity for the rustics ignorant of right modes of cultivation, enter on your functions as a deity, and accustom yourself even now to be invoked by prayers.

In the newly opened spring, when cold moisture descends from the snow-covered hills, and the soil loosens and crumbles beneath the western breeze; then let my steers begin to groan under the entered plough, and the share to glitter, polished by the furrow. That field especially answers the expectation of the greedy farmer which twice hath felt the sun, and twice the cold;<sup>2</sup> the immense harvests of such a field are wont to burst the barns.

But before we break up with the plough-share soil unknown to us, let us take care to make ourselves acquainted beforehand with the prevailing winds, and the variations of the weather, and also with the appropriate modes of cultivation, and the peculiar character of each locality; what each district produces, and what it rejects. Here grain crops, there grapes, grow more successfully; at another place, young trees and grass unbidden flourish. Don't you see how Tmolus<sup>3</sup> sends us saffron odors, India ivory, the

<sup>1</sup> Proserpine, daughter of Ceres, and wife of Pluto.

<sup>2</sup> "The usual custom was to plough the land three times—in the spring, in the summer, and in the autumn. If, however, the soil was unusually hard, there was another at the end of the autumn, and it is to such a process that the poet here alludes; the land having thus, in the course of its four upturnings with the plough, twice felt the sun and twice the cold."—*Anthon.*

<sup>3</sup> Tmolus, a mountain of Lydia, in Asia Minor, abounding

effeminate Sabæans frankincense peculiarly their own, but the lightly-clad Chalybes give us steel, Pontus strong-scented castor, and Epirus<sup>1</sup> the prime of Elian mares? Such restrictions and unchanging natural laws were imposed on individual places, from the very time that Deucalion first cast stones into the unpeopled world, whence sprang men, a hardy race. Come then, let your sturdy bullocks forthwith turn up the rich soil, in the very earliest months of the year; and let the dusty summer with its strongest suns bake the clods as they lie exposed. But if the land be not rich, it will be enough to plough it lightly, rather before the rising of Arcturus:<sup>2</sup> in the former case, lest weeds obstruct the healthy corn; in the latter, lest the scanty moisture forsake the unproductive soil.

You will likewise suffer your tilled lands after reaping to lie fallow every other year, and the exhausted fields to consolidate by rest; or, changing the season, you will sow yellow corn on that ground from which you have previously gathered the luxuriant pulse with rattling pods, or the seeds of the tiny vetch, and the brittle stalks and rustling forest of the bitter lupine. For a crop of flax exhausts<sup>3</sup> the land:

in vines, saffron, &c. Sabæans, the inhabitants of Saba, a town of Arabia, famous for frankincense, myrrh, and aromatic plants. Chalybes, a people of Pontus, in Asia Minor; their country abounded in iron mines. Smiths as they were, they partially stripped to their work.

<sup>1</sup> Epirus (Albania), a country of Greece, famous for its fine breed of horses.

<sup>2</sup> Arcturus, a star whose rising, and whose setting also, was supposed to bring great tempests. In the time of Virgil, it rose about the middle of September. The light ploughing refers to that particular kind of ploughing in which the farmer cuts only alternate furrows, throwing the loose earth of each furrow on the contiguous strip of unploughed land, which would be of equal breadth with the furrow. It was a sort of "top-dressing."

<sup>3</sup> Exhausts, *i.e.* dries up the moisture. Virgil does not for-

oats exhaust it, and poppies imbued with the sleep of Lethe.<sup>1</sup> But still the strain on the soil will be an easy one by alternating the crops, provided only that you are not chary in saturating the parched earth with rich manure, or in scattering unsightly ashes upon the exhausted fields: thus, too, your land is refreshed by changing the crops, and in the meantime there is not the unproductiveness of untilled land.

Often, too, it has been found of use to set fire to poor lands, and to burn the light stubble in the crackling flames: whether it be that by this process the mould receives some subtle powers and rich nutriment; or that every noxious quality is extracted by the fire and the baneful moisture exudes; or that the heat opens more channels and undetected pores through which the sap may reach the young plants; or that it rather hardens the soil and binds closer the gaping veins, so that the penetrating showers may not harm it, or the too strong heat of the scorching sun smite it, or the piercing cold of Boreas blast it.

He, too, greatly benefits the soil who breaks the inactive clods with harrows, and drags osier hurdles over them; nor does yellow Ceres view him from high Olympus to no purpose; he, too, much assists it who, with his plough turned in a cross direction, a second time breaks up the ridges which he raises at the first ploughing, and constantly works his land and lords it over his fields.

Pray, ye swains, for moist summers and serene winters. From winter's dust the corn is most luxuriant, the land is

bid the sowing of flax and poppies, but explains that, from their exhausting nature, they are bad crops in rotation after wheat.

<sup>1</sup> Lethe was one of the rivers of hell, whose waters had the power of causing forgetfulness.

made rich : it is not in excellence of tillage as much as of climate that Mysia<sup>1</sup> prides herself, and that Gargarus is amazed at her own harvests.

What shall I say of him who, after sowing the seed, immediately gives the field no rest, but breaks the clods of over-rich soil, and then leads down the stream and its attendant channels on the lands which he has sown? and when the parched mould with its dying herbage is scorched, lo ! he conducts a water-course from the brow of some sloping tract : It, as it tumbles over the smooth rocks, wakes up a hoarse murmur, and cools the thirsty fields with its bubbling rills.

What of him who, to prevent the stalks from lodging by reason of heavy ears, eats down the rank growth while still in the tender blade, when the crops render the furrows level (with the top of the ridge)? and of him who draws off from the spongy mould the collected moisture of the marshy pools, especially if in the changeable months (of spring) the brimming river overflows and covers all around with encrusted mud, from which the hollow channels reek with warm moisture?

And yet, after the labors of men and oxen have tried these expedients in cultivating the ground, the insatiable goose, the Strymonian<sup>2</sup> cranes, and succory with its bitter roots greatly mar their efforts, and even the shades are hurtful. Father Jove himself willed that the modes of tillage should not be easy, and first stirred the earth by artificial means, whetting the minds of men by anxieties ; nor suffered he

<sup>1</sup> Mysia, a country of Asia Minor, bordering on Troas. Gargarus, a mountain, or rather a part of Mount Ida, in Troas; also a town at the base of it, surrounded by rich corn lands.

<sup>2</sup> Strymon, a river in Macedonia, the ancient boundary between that country and Thrace.

his subjects to become inactive through oppressive lethargy. Before Jove, no husbandmen subdued the fields ; nor was it even lawful to mark out ground, or by limits to divide the plain ; men acquired all for the common good, and earth of herself produced everything very freely without compulsion. Jupiter it was who infused the fatal poison into the horrid serpent ; he commanded the wolves to prowl, and the sea to rage ; he shook the honey from the leaves, he secreted fire, and restrained the wine that ran everywhere in rivulets ; in order that man's needs, by dint of thought, might gradually hammer out the various arts, might seek the blade of corn by ploughing, and might strike forth the fire thrust away in the veins of the flint. Then first the rivers felt the hollowed alders ; then the sailor grouped the stars into constellations and gave them names, the Pleiades,<sup>1</sup> Hyades, and the bright bear of Lycaon. Then were invented the arts of catching wild animals in toils, of deceiving them with bird-lime, and of encompassing the spacious glades with hounds. And now one lashes the broad river with his casting-net, aiming at the deep parts, and in the sea itself another hauls his dripping lines. Then was formed the rigid steel, and blade of grating saw—for primeval man cleft the fissile wood with wedges. Then various arts followed. Unwearying labor overcame every difficulty, and want spurring men on in times of hardship. Ceres first taught rustics to till the ground with implements of iron, since by this time the acorns and the arbutes of the sacred woods were beginning

<sup>1</sup> Pleiades, a name given to the seven daughters of Atlas and Pleione, who were made a constellation in the heavens. Hyades, the five daughters of Atlas, who were also changed into stars, and placed in the constellation of Taurus. Bear of Lycaon ; Calisto, the daughter of Lycaon, was changed by Juno into a bear, but Jupiter made her the constellation Ursa Major.

to fail, and Dodona<sup>1</sup> to refuse sustenance. Soon, too, was damage inflicted on the corn; so that noxious mildew<sup>2</sup> might eat the stalks, and the unproductive thistle bristle in the fields. The crops of corn die; a prickly forest of burrs and caltrops rises instead, and amidst the trim and healthy grain, wretched darnel and barren wild oats assert their sway. But unless you persecute the weeds by continual harrowing, and frighten away the birds by noises, and with the pruning knife keep down the foliage which shades the ground, and by prayers invoke the showers, alas, in vain will you view another's ample store, and solace your hunger with acorns in the woods.

We must also describe what are the implements used by the hardy swains, without which the crops could neither be sown nor could they spring. These are the share and, first and foremost, the strong and crooked plough, and the slow-rolling wains of mother Ceres of Eleusis, and sledges and drags, and hoe-rakes of unwieldy weight; besides the cheap osier fittings of Celeus,<sup>3</sup> arbutue hurdles, and the mystic fan of Bacchus; all which, with mindful care, you will provide long before-hand, if you are destined to gain the full honors of the divine country. At its early growth in the woods, an elm bent with great effort is shaped into a curve, and assumes the form of the crooked plough. From the lower end of this, the pole projects to the length of eight feet, two mould-boards are fitted on, and a share beam with a double ridge. The light linden also is hewn

<sup>1</sup> Dodona, an ancient city of Epirus, in Greece, where was a sacred grove, with a celebrated oracle and temple of Jupiter.

<sup>2</sup> This suggests that the mildew and the thistle were ordered by Jupiter to injure the corn.

<sup>3</sup> Celeus, a king of Eleusis, was the father of Triptolemus, whom Ceres instructed in husbandry. See line 20 of this Book.



beforehand for the yoke, and the tall beech is felled and a handle<sup>1</sup> cut, to turn the bottom of the machine behind, and the smoke seasons<sup>2</sup> the timber hung up in the chimneys.

I can repeat to you many precepts of the ancients, unless you object, and think it not worth while to learn these trifling cares. Among your first preparations a threshing-floor must be levelled with a huge roller, and worked with the hand,<sup>3</sup> and consolidated with binding chalk, that weeds may not spring up, and that it may not give way and crumble into dust. Then various pests may baffle you; often the diminutive mouse has been found to make its nest and its granaries beneath the ground; or the purblind moles have dug their lodges; and in their cavities has the toad been found, and other ugly creatures which the earth produces in great numbers; the weevil too plunders vast heaps of corn, and the ant, provident against helpless age.

Observe also when the almond tree shall array itself in the woods in a plentiful show of blossom, and bend its fragrant branches: if the embryo fruit abound, in like quantity the corn will follow, and a great threshing will ensue with great heat; but if, by reason of the large display of leaves, the shade is excessive, the floor shall to no purpose bruise the ears, rich only in chaff.

I have indeed seen many when sowing artificially prepare their seeds, and steep them first in soda and black lees of olive oil, that the produce might be larger in the usually de-

<sup>1</sup> Stivaque. Martyn reads Stivæ "for a handle," which makes excellent sense, but it has no MS. authority. There is something wrong in the text it would seem, unless *Cæditur* is applied both to *fagus* and *stiva*, as translated above.

<sup>2</sup> Literally, "explores, "searches," *i.e.*, to see if there be any chinks.

<sup>3</sup> Worked with the hand, to knead the earth and chalk together.

ceptive pods : and that they might be sodden, to hasten their growth, on a fire, however small. I have seen those seeds on whose selection much time and labor had been spent, nevertheless degenerating if men did not every year rigorously separate with the hand all the largest specimens. So it is : all things are fated to deteriorate, and, losing their ground, to be borne backwards ; just as in the case with him who is with difficulty forcing his boat against the stream by rowing, and the current hurries it down the river in headlong speed if he happens to have slackened his exertions.<sup>1</sup>

Further, the constellation of Arcturus, and the days of the Kids, and the shining Dragon, must be as carefully observed by us as by those who, returning homeward over the stormy ocean, brave the Euxine Sea, and the straits of oyster-breeding Abydos.<sup>2</sup>

When Libra has made the hours of day and of night the same in length, and is about to divide the globe equally for light and darkness, work hard your steers, my lads ; sow barley in the fields, even close upon the last shower of the inclement winter. Then, too, is the time to sow your flax seed, and the poppy sacred to Ceres, and even already to bend over your plough, provided you can do so on a dry soil, and while the clouds still overhang.

The sowing time for beans is spring ; then too, Medic clover,<sup>3</sup> the pulverized furrows receive you, and millet comes, an annual care, when the bright Bull with gilded horns opens the year, and the Dog sets, giving way to the receding

<sup>1</sup> See Bryce's *Virgil*, note on line 203.

<sup>2</sup> Abydos, a city of Asia Minor, on the Hellespont (Dardanelles), opposite to Sestos, in Thrace ; famous for the bridge of boats which Xerxes made there across the Hellespont when he invaded Greece ; also for the loves of Hero and Leander.

<sup>3</sup> A species of trefoil, so called because introduced from Media into Greece.

star. But if you shall till your ground for a wheat crop and sturdy spelt, and are bent on bearded grain alone, let the Pleiades be set in the morning, and let the Gnosian constellation<sup>1</sup> of Ariadne's blazing Crown depart from the heavens before you commit to the furrows the seed designed for them, and before you hasten to entrust the hopes of the year to the earth, not yet anxious for the charge. Many are wont to begin before the setting of Maia, but the looked for crop has usually marked them with unyieldy ears. But if you are to sow vetches and common kidney beans, and do not scorn the trouble of the Egyptian lentil, setting Boötes will afford you no uncertain signs. Begin, and extend your sowing fairly into the frosts.

For this very purpose it is that the golden sun, by means of the twelve signs of the zodiac, regulates the yearly circle of the heavenly sphere, measured off in fixed allotments. Five zones occupy the heavens; whereof one is ever glowing with the bright sun, and is scorched for ever by his fire; outside of which, to the extreme right and left, two azure ones extend, congealed with ice and freezing showers. Between these and the middle zone, two by the bounty of the gods have been given to weary mortals; and a path has been cut between the two, in which the Signs in their order might glide obliquely. As the heavenly sphere rises high towards Scythia and the Rhipæan<sup>2</sup> hills, so it slopes and sinks towards the south of Libya. In regard to us, the one pole is always elevated; but the other, cloudy Styx<sup>3</sup> and the

<sup>1</sup> Ariadne's Crown, consisting of seven stars, named so from Gnosus (or Gnosus), a city of Crete, where Minos, the father of Ariadne, reigned. Maia, one of the Pleiades. Boötes, a constellation near the Ursa Major, or Great Bear.

<sup>2</sup> Rhipæan hills, in the north of Scythia, near the rivers Tanais and Rha.

<sup>3</sup> Styx, one of the rivers of hell, round which it was said to flow nine times.

ghosts below see far beneath them. Here (in northern regions) the huge Scorpion glides with tortuous windings, like a river, around and between the two Bears,—the Bears that refuse to dip in the ocean. There, as they say, there is either the everlasting silence of a night that knows not seasons, and the darkness is made denser by an encircling gloom; or else Aurora<sup>1</sup> returns thither from us, and brings them back the day: and when the rising sun first breathes on us with panting steeds, there bright Vesper lights up his evening fires.

Hence we are able to foreknow the seasons in the dubious sky; hence the time of harvest, and the time of sowing; and when it is safe to sweep the treacherous sea with oars, when to launch the duly equipped fleets, or to fell the pine in the woods in right season. Nor in vain do we study the settings and the risings of the constellations, and the year equally divided into four different periods.

Whenever the chilling shower confines the husbandman, then he has an opportunity of doing in good time many things which afterwards, in fine weather, would require to be done hastily. The ploughman sharpens the hard point of the blunted share, he scoops wooden vessels from trees, or stamps his mark on the sheep, or labels his corn-bins. Others point stakes and two-pronged props, and prepare Amerine willow-bands<sup>2</sup> for the limber vine. Now let the yielding basket be made of bramble twigs, now kiln-dry the

<sup>1</sup> Aurora, the goddess of the morning. Vesper, the evening star; often used for the evening, as Aurora is for the morning. Vesper lights up his late rays; or, lights up the illumination of night; *i.e.*, the other stars, either by setting them an example, or as some of the ancients thought, by his light being thrown on them and thence reflected, as the moon is said to "rise dependent on her brother's rays."

<sup>2</sup> Amerine bands, from Ameria, a city of Umbria, in Italy, which abounded in osiers.

grain and grind it in the mill; for even on holy days, divine and human laws permit us to engage in certain works. No rule of religion has forbidden us to water the crops, to raise a fence before the corn, to lay snares for birds, to fire the thorns, and plunge a flock of bleating sheep in the river for health. Often the driver of the sluggish ass loads him with oil or common apples; and, on his return from the town, brings back an indented mill-stone, or a mass of black pitch.

The moon herself fixes days favorable in different degrees for different kinds of work. Shun the fifth: on it pale Pluto and the Furies were born. On it, at an unholy birth, the earth brought forth Cœus,<sup>1</sup> Iapetus, and savage Typhœus, and the brothers who conspired to tear heaven down, forsooth. For thrice did they attempt to pile Ossa<sup>2</sup> upon Pelion, and to roll woody Olympus upon Ossa: thrice Father Jove, with his thunder, dashed down the massed mountains. The seventeenth is lucky<sup>3</sup> both to plant the vine, and to catch and tame the oxen, and to add the woof to the warp: the ninth is better for flight, adverse to thefts.<sup>4</sup> Many works, too, are wont to succeed better in the cool night, or when morning floods the earth with the early sun. By night the light stubble, by night the parched meadows

<sup>1</sup> Cœus, Iapetus, &c., famous giants, sons of Cœlus and Terra, who, according to the poets, made war against the gods; but Jupiter at last put them to flight with his thunderbolts, and crushed them under Mount Ætna, in Sicily.

<sup>2</sup> Ossa, Pelion, &c., celebrated mountains of Thessaly, in Greece, which the giants, in their war against the gods, were feigned to have heaped on each other, that they might with more facility scale the walls of heaven.

<sup>3</sup> The seventeenth: some interpreters think this means, "next to the tenth, the seventh is a lucky day."

<sup>4</sup> The moon would be favorable for the flight of runaway slaves, but unfavorable for the thief.

are better shorn : the clammy moisture fails not by night. Many a one watches all night by the light of the winter's late fire, and points torches with the sharp knife. Meanwhile, his spouse, beguiling by song her tedious labor, runs over her web with the shrill comb ; or boils down, over a strong fire, the liquor of the sweet must, and skims with leaves the bubbling foam of the quivering caldron.

But reddening Ceres is cut down in summer ; and in summer heat the floor thrashes out the parched grain. Plough lightly clad,<sup>1</sup> sow lightly clad. Winter is a time of leisure for the hind ; in the cold weather the farmers usually enjoy the fruit of their labor, and delight to engage in mutual entertainments : the winter, sacred to their genius,<sup>2</sup> invites them, and relaxes their cares ; just as when heavily-laden ships have reached the port, and the joyous mariners, as is their wont, place garlands on the sterns. But, nevertheless, then is the time to strip the acorns from the oak, and the bay-berries, and the olive, and the myrtle-berries with blood-red juice ; then to set springes for cranes, and nets for stags, and to pursue the long-eared hares ; and to slay the fallow deer, whirling the hempen thongs of the Balearic sling,<sup>3</sup> when the snow lies deep, when the rivers drive down the ice.

Why should I speak of the weather and the constellations of autumn, and what must be carefully looked after by swains when the day is now shorter, and the summer less

<sup>1</sup> *I.e.*, plough in autumn, before warm clothes are needed.

<sup>2</sup> Every man had his guardian spirit or genius, which was thought to delight in social pleasure, for which winter, and especially December, was most suitable. From the idea of a genius or guardian "dæmon" we get the Scotch phrase, "He aye does what his ain deil bids him."

<sup>3</sup> Balearic sling. The inhabitants of the Balearic isles were noted for their skill as slingers.

oppressive? or when the showery spring hastens to its conclusion, when the bearded harvest bristles in the fields, and the corn, full of milky juice, swells to bursting in the green stalk? Often, when the farmer was just bringing the reaper into the yellow fields, and was now grasping the barley with its brittle straw, have I seen all the winds rush together in fierce conflict, and these, in all directions, tore up the heavy crop from the very root and whirled it on high: just so would the wintry storm, with its scowling whirlwind, carry away both the light straw and the flying stubble. Often also an immense column of water gathers in the sky, and vapors collected from the deep,<sup>1</sup> mass together dread storm-clouds, with their freezing showers, high heaven itself pours down, and with its awful rain sweeps away the rich crops and the toils of the steers: the ditches are filled, and the hollow channels swell with a roaring noise, and the sea boils in its seething firths. In the midst of that night of storm, Father Jove himself hurls his thunderbolts with his flaming right hand: by which impulse the vast earth quakes to her very centre; the wild beasts instantaneously take to flight, and abject fear at once quails the hearts of the men throughout the nations. He with his flaming bolts strikes down or Athos,<sup>2</sup> or Rhodope, or high Ceraunia: the south winds redouble in force, and the rain descends in torrents; now woods, now shores moan under the dread tornado.

Fearing such a storm, observe the heavenly months and the constellations: which way the cold star of Saturn betakes himself, into what circuits of the sky Mercury's fiery

<sup>1</sup> From the deep, *i.e.* the Tyrrhenian sea. Others say, from high heaven. The former would be more correct meteorologically; besides, *Cælo* has been already mentioned.

<sup>2</sup> Athos, a lofty mountain of Macedonia, on a peninsula: it is now called Monte Santo. Ceraunia, large mountains of Epirus, stretching out far into the Adriatic.

planet wanders. Above all, venerate the gods; and renew to great Ceres the sacred annual rites,<sup>1</sup> offering up your sacrifice upon the joyous turf, as you approach the last days of winter, when the spring is serene. Then the lambs are fat for you, and then the wines most mellow; then slumbers on the hills are sweet, and thick the shades. For you, let all the rural youths adore Ceres; in honor of whom, mix the honey-comb with milk and mild wine; and thrice let the propitiating victim circle round the springing crops: and let the whole troop of your companions accompany it with joyous step, and with shoutings loud invite Ceres to their homes; nor let any one put the sickle to the ripe corn till, in honor of Ceres, having his temples bound with wreathed oak, he dance in artless measure, and sing hymns.

And that we might learn the following things by certain indications, both heats and rains, and cold-bringing winds, Father Jove himself has ordained what the moon in her monthly course should betoken; under what star the south winds should fall; at the sight of what frequently recurring sign the husbandman should learn to keep his herds nearer their stalls.

Straightway, when wind is on the point of rising, either the waters of the sea begin to be agitated into a swell, or a dry crackling noise to be heard on the lofty mountains, or the shores re-echoing in the far distance to be disturbed, and the moaning of the woods to wax louder. Now the billows with difficulty withhold themselves from the crooked ships, when the cormorants fly swiftly back from the midst of the sea, and send their screams to the shore; and when the sea-coots sport on the dry beach; and the heron forsakes the well-known fens, and soars above the lofty cloud. Often

<sup>1</sup> The poet here alludes to the *Ambarvalia*, a festival in honor of Ceres.



too, when wind threatens, you will see the stars shoot precipitate from the sky, and behind them long trails of light leave a clear track through the shades of night ; often you will see the light chaff and falling leaves flutter as they float about ; or feathers to frolic together on the surface of the water.

But when lightning flashes from the quarter of grim Bo-reas, and when the homes of Eurus and of Zephyrus thunder, the whole country swims with brimming ditches, and every mariner on the sea furls his damp sails. Showers never come on any unforeshadowed : either the high flying cranes are wont to shun it in the deep valleys as it rises, or the heifer, looking up to heaven, to sniff it in the air with wide nostrils ; or the twittering swallow to flutter about the lakes ; and the frogs to croak their old complaint in the mud. Very often, too, the ant, wearing smooth her narrow path, conveys her eggs from her inmost cell ; and the huge rainbow drinks deep ; and flocks of crows returning from their feeding-ground in long procession, make a whizzing noise with close-pent wings. Now you may observe the various sea-fowls, and even those that search the Asian meads, all round Cayster's<sup>1</sup> pleasant pools, keenly lave the copious dew-drops on their shoulders ; now offer their heads to the currents, now run into the streams, and needlessly delight in their fondness for bathing. Then the provoking crow with hoarse voice calls for rain, and,—

Saucy, stalks in solitary state upon the sapless sand.<sup>2</sup>

Nor were the maidens, carding their woollen tasks even

<sup>1</sup> Cayster, a river of Asia Minor, which falls into the Ægean Sea near Ephesus.

<sup>2</sup> Observe the frequent repetition of the letter *s* in this line as in the Latin—

*Et sola in sicca secum spatiatur arena.*

by night, ignorant of the approaching storm ; since they would see the oil sputter on the heated lamp, and powdery fungus form in clusters.

And with no less certainty will you be able after rain to look for fair weather with serene and cloudless skies, and to forecast it by unerring signs ; for then neither are the stars seen with blunted edge, nor does the moon appear to rise as if dependent on her brother's rays ; nor do thin fleecy clouds float across the sky ; nor do the halcyons, beloved by Thetis,<sup>1</sup> expand their wings upon the shore to the warm sun ; nor do the filthy swine think of tearing the wisps of straw and tossing them with their snouts. But the mists now rather seek the lower grounds, and brood upon the plain ; and the owl watching for the setting of the sun, from the highest roof uselessly prolongs her late hootings. Nisus appears aloft in the clear sky, and Scylla pays the penalty for the purple lock ; wherever she in flight cuts the light air with her wings, lo, Nisus,<sup>2</sup> hostile, implacable, with loud screams pursues her through the air : where Nisus mounts heavenward, she swiftly flying cuts the light ether with her wings. Then the ravens, with compressed throat, three or four times repeat their soft notes, and often in their high-perched nests, delighted by some unwonted pleasure or other, they flutter and caw in noisy concert among the leaves ; now that the rains are over,

<sup>1</sup> Thetis, one of the sea-deities, daughter of Nereus and Doris, and mother of Achilles.

<sup>2</sup> Scylla, daughter of Nisus, king of Megara, fell in love with Minos, who was besieging the city, and cut off the lock of her father's hair on which his life depended. The town was then taken by the Cretans ; but Minos, disgusted with Scylla's unnatural treachery, tied her by her feet to the stern of his vessel, and thus dragged her along till she was drowned. Nisus was changed after death into an eagle, and Scylla into a fish, or bird called Ciris. The story is that the father continually pursues the daughter, to punish her for her crime.

they delight to revisit their tiny offspring and their beloved nests. Not, I believe, because an intelligent principle is given them by the kindness of the deity, or that, according to the disposals of fate, they are possessed of a more than common knowledge of (future) events; but when the season and heaven's fluctuating vapors have changed their courses, and the air, saturated with moisture by the south winds, condenses what was recently rare, and rarefies what was dense, the character of their minds is changed, and their bosoms now conceive widely different emotions from those which they felt while the wind was driving away the clouds. Hence arises that remarkable concert of birds in the fields, and the delight of the cattle, and the exulting croak of the rook.

But if you give attention to the rapid sun and the moon from day to day, the weather of the morrow will never cheat you, nor shall you be misled by the deceitful appearance of a serene night. When first the moon calls back her returning rays, if she incloses dark air in her dimmed crescent, a vast rain-storm is preparing for farmers and for sailors; but if she spreads a virgin blush over her face, wind will ensue: golden Phœbe always reddens on the approach of wind. If at her fourth rising, however—for that is the most unerring indicator—she rides through the sky in pure splendor and with unblunted horns, both that whole day, and all those that shall come after it till the end of the month, will be free from rain and wind: and mariners, having come safe to land, will pay their vows upon the shore to Glaucus,<sup>1</sup> and Panopea, and Melicertes, Ino's son.

<sup>1</sup> Glaucus, a fisherman of Anthedon, in Bœotia, son of Neptune and Naïs, was changed into a sea-deity. Panopea, a sea-nymph, one of the Nereids. Melicertes, the son of Athamas and Ino, was changed into a sea-god, and was known also by the names of Palæmon and Portumnus.

The sun too, both at his rising and at his setting in the waves, will give signs; the surest signs attend the sun, both those which he shows in the morning, and those which he presents when the stars arise. When he has flecked his first dawn with spots, hidden in a cloud, and has retired from view in the centre of his disc, you may then suspect showers: for the south wind, pernicious to trees and crops and flocks, is at hand from on high.<sup>1</sup> Or when, at the approach of dawn, the rays shall burst forth in different directions among the thick clouds; or when Aurora rises pale, leaving the saffron couch of Tithonus;<sup>2</sup> ah, the vine-leaf will then but ill defend the mellow grapes; so thick the dreaded hail bounds pattering on the roofs. This, too, it will be more advantageous to remember, when, having traversed the heavens, he is just setting—for often we see various colors flitting over his face,—the azure threatens rain; the reddish, wind. But if the spots begin to be blended with fiery red, then you will see all things in commotion, alike with wind and storms of rain. Let no one advise me on that night to cross the deep, or to loose the cable from the land. But if his orb is lucid, both when he ushers in and when he closes the renewed day, in vain will you be alarmed by the clouds, and you will see the woods shaken by the serenizing north wind.

In fine, the sun will give you signs what weather late Vesper may bring, from what quarter the wind may drive the dry clouds, what the wet South may be intending. Who would dare to call the sun a deceiver? He often gives tokens that even concealed uprisings are at hand, and that treason

<sup>1</sup> Or from the deep, as in line 234.

<sup>2</sup> Tithonus, a son of Laomedon, king of Troy, was so beautiful that Aurora became enamored of him, and carried him away to Ethiopia.

and secret wars are swelling to a head. He also showed his pity for Rome at Cæsar's death, when he shrouded his bright head with a lurid darkness,<sup>1</sup> and impious mortals feared eternal night; though at that time the earth too, and waters of the deep, foul dogs, and ill-omened birds, gave warnings. How often have we seen *Ætna* inundating the lands of the Cyclopes<sup>2</sup> with the boiling liquid from its bursting vaults, and rolling its lava-stream of fiery balls and molten rocks! Germany heard the clash of arms over all the sky; the Alps trembled with unwonted earthquakes. A voice, too, was heard by many in the silent groves—an awful one; and spectres strangely pale were seen under cloud of night; and the very cattle, O dire to tell! spoke; rivers stop their courses, the earth yawns wide; the ivory in its grief weeps in the temples, and the brazen statues sweat. *Eridanus*,<sup>3</sup> king of rivers, swept whole woods away, whirling them in his mad eddies, and carried the herds with their stalls over all the plains. And, at the same time, neither did veins fail to appear threatening in the baleful entrails, nor blood to flow from the wells, and cities to resound aloud with wolves howling the livelong night. At no other time did more lightning fall from a cloudless sky, or did direful meteors so often blaze. Therefore it was that *Philippi*<sup>4</sup> saw

<sup>1</sup> According to Plutarch (*Vit. Cæs. c. 90*), Pliny (*H. N. ii. 30*), and Dio Cassius (*xiv. 17*), the sun appeared of a dim and pallid hue after the assassination of Julius Cæsar, and continued so during the whole of the year. It is said, too, that for want of the sun's heat the fruits rotted without coming to maturity. An eclipse of the sun actually occurred in November.

<sup>2</sup> Cyclopes, a gigantic race of men, sons of *Coelus* and *Terra*: they were *Vulcan's* workmen in fabricating the thunderbolts of *Jupiter*, and were represented as having only one eye, and that in the middle of their forehead.

<sup>3</sup> The *Po*.

<sup>4</sup> *Philippi*, a city of *Macedonia*, on the confines of *Thrace*,

Roman armies meet a second time in the shock of battle, in armor quite the same ; nor did it seem too cruel, in the eyes of the gods, that Emathia<sup>1</sup> and the extensive plains of Hæmus should twice be enriched by our blood. And, no doubt, the time will come when in those regions the husbandman, on turning up the soil with the crooked plough, shall find javelins all eaten with scurfy rust, or with his heavy rake shall clash on helmets now untenanted, and marvel at the great bones in the upturned graves.

Ye guardian deities of my country, ye Indigetes,<sup>2</sup> and you O Romulus, and you Mother Vesta, who guard the Tuscan Tiber and the palaces of Rome, forbid not that this youth at least should come to the help of this lost and ruined age. Long since have we with our blood atoned for the perjuries of Laomedon<sup>3</sup> of Troy. Long since, O Cæsar, the courts of heaven grudge you to us, and complain that you are concerned about the triumphs of mortal men ; since they are persons among whom the distinctions of right and wrong are inverted ; since there are so many wars, throughout the world, since so many forms of crime exist ; since the plough has none of its due honors ; since the fields lie waste, their owners being drawn for service ; and since the crooked

famous for the defeat of Brutus and Cassius by Antony and Augustus, B.C. 42. The first collision of civil war here referred to was that at Pharsalia in Thessaly, between Pompey and Cæsar. The second is that at Philippi.

<sup>1</sup> Emathia, an ancient name of Macedonia and Thessaly. Hæmus, an extensive chain of mountains running through Thrace, now Balkan.

<sup>2</sup> Indigetes, a name given to those deities who were worshipped in particular places, or to such heroes as were deified.

<sup>3</sup> Laomedon, king of Troy, and father of Priam, He built the walls of Troy, with the assistance of Apollo and Neptune ; but, on the work being finished, he refused to reward them for their labors, and in consequence incurred the displeasure of the gods.

scythes are forged into rigid swords. Here Euphrates, there Germany, raises war ; neighboring cities, having broken their mutual leagues, take arms ; relentless Mars rages over all the globe ; just as the four-horse chariots, when they have dashed forth from the barriers with speed, increase that speed throughout the several rounds (*spatia*), and the charioteer, straining the bridle in vain, is hurried away by the steeds, nor does the team obey the reins.

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## BOOK II.

Virgil having in the First Book treated of tillage, proceeds in the Second to the subject of Planting : he describes the varieties of trees, with the best methods of raising them ; gives rules for the management of the vine and the olive, and for judging of the nature of soils ; and, in a strain of exalted poetry, celebrates the praises of Italy, and the pleasures of a country life.

Thus far I have treated of the culture of fields, and of the constellations of the heavens ; now, Bacchus, will I sing of you, and with you of woodland shrubs, and of the offspring of the slow-growing olive. Hither, O father<sup>1</sup> Lenæus, come, here all is full of your bounties : by your gift the field, laden with the viny harvest, flourishes ; by your gift the vintage foams in the full vats : hither, O father Lenæus, come ; and, having stripped off your buskins, stain your uncovered limbs along with me in new wine.

<sup>1</sup> The term "pater" is here applied to Bacchus, not with any reference to advanced years, but merely as indicative of his being the giver of increase to fruits and crops, and the beneficent author of so many good gifts unto men. Lenæus, a surname of Baccus, from *ληνός*, a winepress. The poet invites Bacchus to assist him in treading out the grapes.

First, there are various modes of producing trees: for some, without any means applied by men, come freely of their own accord, and widely overspread the plains and winding rivers; as the soft osier and tough broom, the poplar and the hoary willow with leaves of bluish green. But some arise from fallen seed, as the lofty chestnuts, and the mountain-oak, which, greatest of forest trees, flourishes in honor of Jove, and the oaks reputed oracular by the Greeks. In the case of others a very dense growth of shoots springs from the roots, as in the cherries and the elms: thus, too, the bay of Parnassus when small, shoots up under the plentiful shade of its parent tree. Nature at first ordained these means: by these every species blooms—of woods, and shrubs, and sacred groves. Others there are which experience has found out for itself in the progress of cultivation.<sup>1</sup> One, tearing off suckers from the easily lacerated stem of their mother, sets them in furrows; another buries the stocks in the ground, and stakes split in four, and poles with sharpened point; and other trees of the forest expect the arch of a depressed layer, and living<sup>2</sup> shoots in their own soil. Others have no need of any root; and the gardener makes no scruple to take down the topmost shoot and plant it in the earth. Even after the trunk is cut in pieces, an olive-root sprouts from the dry wood, wonderful to tell. Often we see the boughs of one tree transformed, with no detriment, into those of another; and a pear-tree, altered in its nature, bearing ingrafted apples, and stony cornels growing upon plum stocks.<sup>3</sup>

Wherefore come on, O husbandmen, learn the mode of

<sup>1</sup> "Via" here means "by the way," as it went along.

<sup>2</sup> Living shoots, *i.e.*, shoots not separated from the parent tree.

<sup>3</sup> Or, as some would translate, stony cornels changing into plums.



treatment peculiar to each kind, and improve wild fruits by cultivation : nor let your lands lie idle :<sup>1</sup> it is a delight to plant Ismarus with vines, and clothe vast Taburnus<sup>2</sup> with olives.

And do you be present, and pursue with me the course I have entered on, O my pride, O Mæcenas, deservedly the greatest part of my reputation, and at full speed spread your sails on the sea opening out to us. I cannot indeed expect that all the subject can be embraced in my poem : no, not if I had a hundred tongues, and a hundred mouths, and a voice of iron : come with me and cruise along the coast ; the land is near at hand ; I will not here detain you with mythical song, or with circumlocution and tedious preamble.

Those trees which spring up spontaneously into the regions of light are certainly unfruitful ; but they rise luxuriant and strong, for in the soil there is a latent productive power. Yet, if any one ingraft even these, or transplant and deposit them in trenches well prepared, they will divest themselves of their wild character, and by frequent culture will not be slow to follow to whatever degree of perfection you invite them. And that tree also which sprouts up barren from the low roots will do the same<sup>3</sup> if it be planted out in regular order in open ground :—under present conditions, the high shoots and branches of the mother tree overshadow it, and hinder it from bearing fruit as it grows, and wither up its productive powers. The tree, again, that is raised from fallen seed grows slowly, destined to form a shade for late posterity, and its fruit deteriorates, losing its former excellence, and the grape offers sorry clusters, only for the birds

<sup>1</sup> That is, let not even your inferior land lie unoccupied.

<sup>2</sup> Taburnus, a mountain of Campania, which abounded with olives.

<sup>3</sup> *I.e.*, will lay aside its wild and unproductive nature.

to eat. In fact, labor must be bestowed on all, and all must be drilled into trenches and brought under control at great outlay of labor. But olives answer better when propagated by truncheons, vines by layers, the myrtles of the Paphian goddess<sup>1</sup> by growing out of the solid wood. The hard hazels, too, grow from suckers, the huge ash and the shady poplar-tree, that formed the crown of Hercules,<sup>2</sup> and the oaks of the Chaonian Sire (Jove): thus also the lofty palm is propagated by suckers, and the fir-tree doomed to face the perils of the deep.

But the rough-barked arbuté is penetrated by the young walnut-tree, and fruitless planes are wont to bear stout apple-trees. The beech-tree has grown white with the blossom of the chestnut, and the ash with that of the pear. Nor is the method of ingrafting and inoculating the same. For, where the buds thrust themselves forth from the middle of the bark, and burst their slender coats, a small slit is made in the very knot: in this they inclose a bud from another tree, and teach it to unite with the moist rind. Or again, the knotless stocks are cut open, and a passage is cloven deep into the solid wood with wedges: then scions of fruit-bearing trees are inserted; and in no long time a huge stem has shot heavenward with prosperous boughs, and wonders at its new leaves and fruits not its own.

Moreover, there is not one species only, either of strong elms, or of willows, of the lotus-tree, or the Idæan cypresses;<sup>3</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Venus was so called, from Paphos (Baffa), a city of Cyprus, where she was worshipped.

<sup>2</sup> When Hercules rescued Alcestis from the lower regions and restored her to her husband, he brought a poplar with him, and had on his head a wreath made from its leaves.

<sup>3</sup> Idæan cypresses, from Mount Ida, in the island of Crete. Orchards of Alcinous, king of Phæacia, afterwards called Corcyra (Corfu), one of the Ionian islands; his gardens, which

nor do the rich olives grow in one form, the orchades, and the radii, and the pausia with bitter berries; nor the apples, and the orchards of Alcinous; nor are the cuttings the same for the Crustumian and Syrian pears, and the heavy volemi. The same vintage hangs not on our trees as that which Lesbos gathers from the Methymnean<sup>1</sup> vine. There are the Thasian vines, and there are the white Mareotides; the latter suited for a rich soil, the former for a lighter one: and the Psithian, more serviceable for raisin wine, and the thin (spirituous) Lagean, which by-and-bye will try the feet and bind the tongue: there are the purples and the early-ripe: And in what strain shall I sing of you, O Rhætian grape? but do not on that account vie with the Falernian<sup>2</sup> cellars. There are also Aminnean vines, with their strong-bodied<sup>3</sup> wines; to which even the royal grapes of Tmolus and of Phanæ do homage: and the smaller Argitis, which none can rival, either in yielding so much juice, or in keeping good for so many years. I must not pass you over, Rhodian grape, grateful to the gods and at second courses, nor

were greatly famed, are beautifully described by Homer. Crustumian and Syrian pears: the first were so called from Crustuminum, a town of Etruria, in Italy; and the latter from Syria, a country of Asia, along the eastern shore of the Mediterranean. Phœnicia and Palestine were generally reckoned provinces of Syria.

<sup>1</sup> Methymna in Lesbos (Mitylene), celebrated for its excellent wines. Thasian vines, those of Thasos, an island near the coast of Thrace. Mareotides, a vine from Mareotis, a lake in Egypt, near Alexandria. Psithian, from Psithia, an ancient town of Greece, famous for its grapes. Rhætian grape, from Rhætia (the Tyrol, &c.), a mountainous country to the north of Italy.

<sup>2</sup> Falernian, &c. Falernus, a fertile mountain and plain of Campania in Italy. Aminnia, a district of Campania. Phanæ, a promontory of the island of Chios (Scio).

<sup>3</sup> Strong-bodied: others say a very *during wine*,—i.e., that keeps long.

you bumastus, with your swollen clusters. But we neither can state how many species there are, nor what are their names : nor, indeed, is it of any consequence to specify the number, for he who would wish to know it may also like to count how many grains of sand are driven by the west wind over the Libyan desert,<sup>1</sup> or to learn how many waves of the Ionian Sea reach the shore when a storm from the east has come down on the ships.

And, in truth, every soil cannot produce everything. Willows grow beside the rivers, and alders in miry fens ; the barren wild ash on the rocky mountains ; the shores are most favorable for myrtle groves : in fine, Bacchus loves the sunny hills ; the yews, the north wind and the cold.

Behold the world brought into subjection even by the husbandmen of its remotest regions, both the eastern habitations of the Arabians and the tattooed Geloni. Their several native countries are allotted to trees. India alone gives black ebony : the frankincense tree belongs to none but the Sabæans. Why should I mention to you balsams exuding from the fragrant wood, and the berries of the evergreen acacia ? Why should I tell you of the forests of the Ethiopians, white with soft wool ? And how the Seres<sup>2</sup> comb the downy fleeces from the leaves ? or the groves which India Proper produces — remotest corner of the earth — where no arrows by their flight have been able to surmount the airy summit of the tree ? and yet that nation is by no means inexpert in archery. Media yields the bitter juices and the lingering flavor of the blessed lemon ; than which no more efficacious anti-

<sup>1</sup> Libyan desert. It may also mean Libyan Sea, with reference to the quicksands there.

<sup>2</sup> Seres, a nation of Asia, between the Ganges and Eastern Ocean ; the modern Tibet, or probably China. "India nearer the ocean," *i.e.* India Proper, Hindustan. He probably means the jungles of the Malabar coast.

dote is found to expel black venom from the body, whenever heartless step-mothers have drugged the cup, and to noxious herbs have added no unarmful spells. The tree itself is gigantic, and in form most like a bay; and it were really a bay if it did not widely diffuse a different scent. Its leaves fall not off by any force of wind; its blossoms are tenacious in the highest degree. With it the Medes sweeten their breath and fetid mouths, and apply it as a remedy to their asthmatic old men.

But neither the woods of Media, a most fertile land, nor the beautiful Ganges, aye, *Hermus*<sup>1</sup> too, turbid with gold, can match the glories of Italy; not *Bactra*,<sup>2</sup> nor the Indians, and all *Panchaia* abounding in incense-bearing soil. Bulls breathing fire from their nostrils never ploughed this land of ours for sowing the teeth of a hideous dragon; nor did a crop of men start up bristling with dense array of helmet and of spear; but teeming crops and *Massic*<sup>3</sup> produce of the vine are wont to fill it, and olives too, and herds of fatted cattle to possess its fields. From it the warrior-horse with head erect advances to the fight; from it, *Clitumnus*,<sup>4</sup> your white flocks, and bulls, chiefest of victims, which had oft been plunged in your sacred stream, lead the Roman triumphs to the temples of the gods. Here is perpetual spring, and summer in unwonted months: twice a year the cattle

<sup>1</sup> *Hermus*, a river of Lydia, whose sands were mingled with gold: it receives the waters of the *Pactolus* near *Sardis*, and falls into the *Ægean*, north-west of *Smyrna*.

<sup>2</sup> *Bactra* (*Balkh*), the capital of *Bactria*, a country of *Asia*. *Panchaia*, a district of *Arabia Felix*, which produced *myrrh*, *frankincense*, &c.

<sup>3</sup> *Mons Massicus* was in *Campania*, and was famed for its wine. Hence "*Massic*" here simply means "*excellent*."

<sup>4</sup> *Clitumnus*, a river of *Umbria*, which falls into the *Tiber*. It was famous for its milk-white flocks, selected as victims in the celebration of triumphs.

give increase, twice are the trees productive in fruit. Aye, moreover, the ravenous tigresses are wanting, and the savage brood of lions; nor does wolfsbane deceive the wretched herb-gatherers; nor along the ground does the scaly serpent sweep his immense orbs, nor with so vast a trail does he gather himself up into coils. Add to this so many magnificent cities, and works of toilsome magnitude;<sup>1</sup> so many towns piled by the hand of man on craggy rocks; and rivers that flow beneath ancient walls. Or need I mention the sea which washes it above, and that which washes it below; or its lakes so vast? You, mighty Larius,<sup>2</sup> and you, Benacus, heaving with the billows and the noise of an ocean? Or shall I mention its ports, and the dam added to the Lucrine,<sup>3</sup> and the sea chafing with loud roar, where the sound of the Julian wave is heard from afar, as the waters of the ocean are beaten back, and the Tuscan flood rushes into the channel of Avernus?

The same land has disclosed in its veins strata of silver, and mines of brass, and contains gold in abundant profusion. The same soil has reared a warlike race of men, the Marsi and the Sabellian youth, and the Ligurian inured to hardship, and the Volscians armed with short spears: this same has produced the Decii, and the Marii, and the great Camilli, the Scipios stubborn in war, and you, most mighty Cæsar,

<sup>1</sup> Great buildings, aqueducts, artificial lakes, &c.

<sup>2</sup> Larius, the modern Lake Como. Benacus, Lake Garda.

<sup>3</sup> Lucrine Lake, near Cumæ, on the coast of Campania. During an earthquake, A.D. 1538, this lake disappeared, and in its place was formed a mountain, two miles in circumference, and one thousand feet high, with a crater in the middle. Avernus, a lake of Campania, whose waters were so putrid that the ancients regarded it as the entrance of the infernal regions. Augustus united the Lucrine and Avernian lakes by the famous Julian harbor, and formed a communication between the latter lake and the sea.

who, at this very time victorious in Asia's remotest limits, are turning away from the Roman towers the Indian now rendered powerless. Hail, Saturnian land,<sup>1</sup> great giver of earth's bounties, great mother of heroes; in your cause it is that I approach matters held in honor by our ancestors, and practised by them in olden times, having dared to unseal the sacred springs; and I sing an Ascræan<sup>2</sup> strain through Roman cities.

This is the place to examine the character of different soils; what are their several powers, what their color, and what their natural suitableness for production. First, stiff lands and unfruitful hills, where there is light clay and gravelly mould in the bushy fields, rejoice in the growth of Minerva's long-lived olives. You know it by the wild olive growing freely in the same region, and by its berries shed abundantly on the fields. But, to the land that is rich and that abounds in sweet moisture, and to the plain that is luxuriant in grass and of a fertile soil—such as we often see in the hollow basin of a mountain—streams flow from the high rocks, and deposit a fertilizing mud: and that which is raised to the south, and nourishes the fern, plague of the crooked ploughs; this will in time afford vines exceedingly strong, and teeming with plenteous wine, this will be prolific in grapes, and in the liquor which we pour forth in libation into golden bowls, when the bloated Tuscan has blown the ivory pipe at the altars, and we offer up the smoking entrails in bending chargers.

But if to keep horses and oxen is your special desire, and to rear their young, or the offspring of sheep, or goats that

<sup>1</sup> Italy, was so called, from Saturn, who, on being dethroned by Jupiter, fled to Italy, where he reigned during the golden age. In the later days of the republic, agriculture was not held in the same reputation as in earlier times.

<sup>2</sup> Hesiod, the poet, was born at Ascra, in Bœotia.

nip your nurseries, seek the glades and far distant fields of rich Tarentum, and a plain like that which hapless Mantua lost, feeding snow-white swans in its grassy stream. Neither limpid springs nor pasturage in plenty will be wanting to the flocks; and as much as the herds shall crop in the long days, so much will the cold dews restore during the short night.

A soil that is blackish and rich under the entered ploughshare, and whose mould is loose and crumbling, for this we aim at in ploughing, is generally best for corn; from no plain will you see more wagons move homeward with tardy oxen; or that from which the temper-tried ploughman has carried off the wood, and felled the groves that have been idle for many a year, and from their lowest roots o'erthrown the ancient dwellings of the birds; they, abandoning their nests, soar on high, but the field hitherto untilled looks trim and glossy beneath the moving plough. For the sapless gravel of a sloping hill-side scarcely furnishes humble casia and rosemary for bees; and the rough tufa and the chalky clay, hollowed out by the black water snakes, declare that no other soil supplies to an equal extent to serpents a pleasing food, and affords them so many winding retreats. That land which exhales thin mists and flying vapor, and drinks in the moisture, and emits it at pleasure; and which, always green, clothes itself with its own grass, and does not hurt the ploughshare with scurf and salt rust; (that land) will entwine your elms with luxuriant vines; that also is productive of olives; that, you will find by experience, to be both suitable for cattle and fitted for agriculture. Such a soil rich Capua tills, and the territory in the neighborhood of Mount Vesuvius, and the Clanius, which does not spare the thinly-peopled Acerræ.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Acerræ, a town of Campania, near Naples; the river Cla-



Now I will tell you by what means you may distinguish each soil. If you desire to know whether it be loose or unusually close, since the one is favorable for corn, the other for wine, the close is best for grain, and the most loose for wine; first, you will select a place beforehand and order a pit to be sunk deep where the soil is unbroken, and you will restore to its place again all the clay, and with your feet will tread the mould till it be level on the top. If the mould shall prove deficient, the soil will be loose, and better suited for cattle and for the kindly vine; but if it refuses to go into the space it formerly occupied, and if, after the pit has been filled, any surplus of earth remain, the land will be close: look for stubborn clods and stiff ridges, and break up the earth with strong bullocks.

But saltish ground, and what is usually called sour—that is unproductive of corn crops; it is not rendered kindly by ploughing, nor does it preserve to grapes their natural good qualities, nor to apples their character and name—will give you the following indication. Take down from the smoky roofs baskets of close woven twigs and the strainers of your wine-press. Into these let some of that faulty mould and sweet water from the spring be pressed brimful; you will find that all the water will strain out, and big drops pass through the twigs. But the unmistakable taste will prove your test, and the bitterness will, by the sensation it produces, twist awry the tasters' faces, expressive of their pain.

Again, what land is rich we briefly learn thus: When worked by the hand it never breaks in pieces, but when held, it sticks to the fingers like pitch. The moist soil produces rank herbage, and it is in itself richer than is proper.

ninus almost surrounded the town, and by its inundations frequently depopulated it.

Ah, may none of mine be too fertile, nor show itself too strong in the early blades of corn.

That which is heavy betrays itself by its very weight, without a test; and also that which is light. It is easy to learn before cultivation that which is black, by merely looking at it; and what has any other color, and what. But to search out the pernicious cold is difficult: only pitch-trees, and sometimes noxious yews, or black ivy, exhibit traces of it.

Having carefully observed these indications, be sure to prepare the ground thoroughly long beforehand, and to intersect the slopes, however large, with trenches, to expose the up-turned clods to the north wind, before you plant the fruitful vine. Fields of a loose, friable soil are best; the winds and cold frosts produce this effect, and the sturdy delver, stirring his fields to loosen them.

But all those men whom no vigilance escapes first seek out the same sort of soil where, in the first place, the young vines may be prepared for their supporting trees, and one to which they may afterwards be transferred, and planted out at due intervals, lest when set they do not take kindly to the sudden change of parent earth. Moreover, they even note on the bark the quarter of the sky, that, in whatever manner each stood, in whatever part it bore the southern heats, whatever side it turned to the northern pole, they may restore it to the same position. So powerful is habit in things of tender age.

Examine first whether it is better to plant your vines on hills or on a plain. If you lay out the fields of a rich plain, plant close; Bacchus will not be less productive in a densely-planted soil: but should you measure off ground gently ascending with hills and sloping ridges, give abundant space between your rows; yet so that, your trees being ranged accurately, each passage between the rows may run at right

angles with the path that crosses it.<sup>1</sup> As when oftentimes, in a great war, a long legion has deployed its cohorts, and the host has taken up its position on the open plain, and the array of battle has been duly marshalled, and the whole country far and near emits a fiery gleam from the sheen-reflecting bronze: nor as yet do the warriors engage in the dreadful conflict, but Mars hovers undecided between the armies: (so) let all the intervals be marked off at equal distances, not only that the prospect may gratify the uninterested mind, but because in no other way will the earth supply equal nourishment to all, and because the branches will not otherwise be able to extend themselves into an unoccupied space or into the open air.

Perhaps, too, you may ask what depth is proper for the trenches. I would venture to commit my vine even to a shallow furrow. Trees, again, are sunk deeper down, and far into the ground: especially the *æsculus*, which shoots

<sup>1</sup> The meaning of this passage will be best understood by the figure of the *quincunx*, which was so arranged that, no matter in what position a spectator stood, he saw along between the rows in (at least) two different directions without obstruction: thus:—



To make this more plain to the soldier-farmer, he compares it to the mode of drawing up an army by maniples, as in the accompanying figure, in which each parallelogram represents a maniple—



downward to Tartarus with its roots as far as it rises with its top to the regions of heaven. Therefore winters do not uproot it, neither storms of wind nor storms of rain—it remains unmoved : and though it passes in review many successive generations of men, and many ages, it outlasts them all ; then stretching wide its sturdy boughs and arms this way and that way, itself in the midst sustains a vast circumference of shade.

Nor let the vineyards lie towards the setting sun ; nor plant the hazel among your vines ; neither seek after the highest twigs, nor break off your sets from the top of the tree, such is their love for the earth ;<sup>1</sup> nor hack your shoots with blunted knife ; nor plant among them truncheons of olive ; for fire is often let fall from the incautious shepherds, which at first secretly lurking under the unctuous bark, catches the solid wood, and springing into the topmost leaves, sends heavenward a loud crackling noise ; thence pursuing its victorious career, it reigns supreme among the branches and the towering summits, and involves the whole grove in flames, and, dense with pitchy darkness, throws up a black cloud to heaven ; especially if a storm has come down on the woods from overhead, and the wind driving the fire in all directions, whirls it into a centre. When this happens, the vines have no strength at the root, nor can they recover though cut, or sprout up from the deep earth such as they were before ; the barren wild olive, with its bitter leaves, alone survives.

Let no authority, however skilled, prevail on you to stir the rigid earth when Boreas blows. Then winter shuts up the fields with frost, and when the slip is planted, it

<sup>1</sup> *I.e.*, those parts nearest the ground have been assimilated to it : and when planted, will not feel so much the change of the native soil.

does not allow the frozen root to fasten to the ground. The plantation of the vineyard is best, when in blushing spring the white stork, the enemy of long snakes, arrives; or towards the first colds of autumn, when the strong sun does not yet touch the winter with his steeds, and the summer is now past. Spring especially is beneficial to the foliage of the groves; spring is beneficial to the woods: in spring earth swells and demands generative seeds. Then almighty father Æther descends in fertilizing showers into the lap of his happy spouse, and mighty himself, mingling with her mighty body, nourishes all her offspring. Then the retired brakes resound with the songs of birds, and the herds renew their loves at their appointed times. Then bounteous earth is teeming to the birth, and the fields open their bosoms to the balmy breezes of the Zephyr: in all a kindly moisture abounds; and the herbs safely venture to trust themselves to the early suns; nor do the vine's tender shoots fear the rising south winds, or the shower precipitated from the sky by the violent north winds; but put forth their buds, and unfold all their leaves. I should not readily believe that the days<sup>1</sup> of any other season shone at the first birth of the infant world, or that they had a different character. It was spring indeed, the globe to its full extent enjoyed spring, and the east winds refrained from their wintry blasts; when first the cattle drank in the light, and the iron race of men upreared their heads from the hard soil, and the woods were stocked with wild beasts and the heavens with stars. Nor could the tender productions of nature bear the strain if so great a rest did not intervene between the cold and the heat, and did not a kindly, gentle season visit earth in turn.

<sup>1</sup> It was an ancient supposition that the world was created in the spring.

As for the rest, whatever trees you plant throughout the fields, give them a coating of rich manure, and remember to cover them up with plenty of earth ; and bury about them spongy stones, or rough shells ; for thus the rains will trickle through, and a subtle vapor get entrance, and the plants will gain heart. There are some who would lay on them a stone or a large, heavy tile ; this would be a protection against the pouring rains, it would shelter them when the sultry dog-star parches the fields and makes them yawn with chinks.

After your settings are planted, it remains to break and loosen the earth at the roots, and to wield the hard hoes ; or to work the soil with the plough, and guide your struggling bullocks up and down the very vineyards ; then to adapt to the vines smooth reeds, and uprights of peeled rods, and ashen stakes, and strong forked poles ; relying on whose firm support they may learn to shoot up, to disregard the winds, and to follow stage by stage<sup>1</sup> to the summit of the elms.

And while the young plants are putting forth their early leaves you must spare their tender age, and while the shoot gladly springs heavenward, launching freely into the air without restraint,<sup>2</sup> the vine itself must not be attacked with the pruning-hook, but the leaves should be gently caught by the bent hands and be intertwined with the supports. Thereafter, when they have now shot up, clasping the elms with firm stems, then strip off their leaves, then lop their arms. Before this they dread the steel ; then, and not till then, exercise stern authority, and check the rushing boughs.

<sup>1</sup> The stages or storeys were the successive branches of the elm, making a resting-place, as it were, for the young vine.

<sup>2</sup> Literally, "let go with loosened reins."

Fences, too, should be made, and all cattle be kept off; especially while the leaves are tender and not inured to hardships; which, in addition to severe storms and a scorching sun, the buffaloes and persecuting wild goats baffle in their growth, the sheep and the heifers eat them eagerly. Nor do the colds, condensed in hoary frosts, or the oppressive heat beating upon the scorched rocks, hurt them so much as those flocks, and the poison of their hard teeth, and the scar imprinted on the gnawed stem.

For no other offence is the goat sacrificed to Bacchus on every altar, and do the ancient plays come upon the stage: and the Athenians proposed prizes to men of talent about the villages and crossways; and joyous amidst their cups, they used to dance in the soft meadows on wine-skins smeared with oil. Moreover, the Ausonian<sup>1</sup> husbandmen also, a race derived from Troy, amuse themselves in impromptu verses and unrestrained mirth; and assume hideous masks made from the hollow bark of trees: and you, Bacchus, they invoke in jovial songs, and in honor of you hang up movable images<sup>2</sup> on the tall pine. Hence every vineyard shows youthful vigor by its goodly crop, and the hollow vales and retiring glens teem with plenty, and all places to which the god has turned his "honest" face. Therefore, in our country's lays, will we sing to Bacchus his praises, well deserved, and offer chargers and the consecrated cakes; and the devoted

<sup>1</sup> Ausonian, &c., the inhabitants of Ausonia, an ancient name of Italy, who were supposed to be descended from Æneas.

<sup>2</sup> *Oscillum* was the term applied to faces or heads of Bacchus, which were suspended in the vineyards to be turned in every direction by the wind. Whichsoever way they looked, they were supposed to make the vines and other things in that quarter fruitful. Some interpret *mollia* as movable; others benign, soft, gentle, representing the honest, jolly face of the god. From *oscillum* we get then the word, *oscillate*.

he-goat led by the horn shall stand beside the altar, and we will roast the fat entrails on hazel spits.

There is also that other toil in dressing the vines, on which you can never bestow pains enough : for the whole soil must be opened up three or four times every year, and the clods must continually be broken with the hoes reversed ; the whole vine-grove must be lightened of its leaves. The labors of the husbandman, moving round in order, return to him in regular course, just as the year circles again into itself along its own tracks. And now, when by-and-bye the vineyard has shed its late leaves, and the cold north wind has shaken from the groves their leafy ornament ; even then the active farmer extends his cares to the coming year, and persecutes the fruitless, leafless vine, cropping it with Saturn's crooked knife, and prunes it into shape. Be the first to trench the ground, be the first to carry home and burn the prunings, and the first to put the vine-props under cover : be the last to reap the vintage. Twice the foliage grows dense upon the vines ; twice does vegetation overrun the vineyard with matted thorns ; each operation is a hard task. Admire large farms ; cultivate a small one. Besides all this, the rough twigs of butcher's broom are to be cut throughout the woods, and the reed on the river's banks : and the charge of the self-grown willow gives new toil. Now the vines are tied ; now the vineyard lays aside the pruning-hook ; now the last vintager sings for joy on finishing his rows : yet must the earth be vexed anew, and the mould be stirred ; and now the rain is to be dreaded for the ripened grapes.

On the other hand, the olives require no culture ; nor do they look for the crooked pruning-hook and griping harrows when once they have gained a hold in the ground, and have stood the blasts. Earth of herself supplies the plants with sufficient moisture when loosened by the bent prong of the



hoe, and yields weighty crops when opened by the share. On this account foster the olive, which is rich and pleasing to the Goddess of Peace. The fruit-trees too, as soon as they feel their trunks vigorous, and acquire their proper strength, quickly shoot up to the stars by their own native powers, and need not our assistance. And no less surely, meanwhile, every grove is laden with produce, and the untended haunts of birds are crimsoned with blood-red berries: the cythus is cropped; the tall wood supplies torches; and our evening fires are fed, and send forth floods of light. And do men hesitate to plant their trees and bestow care upon them?

Why should I insist on greater things?<sup>1</sup> The very willows and lowly broom supply either foliage for the cattle, or shade for the shepherds, and fences for the crops, and material for honey. It is a pleasure to look upon Cytorus<sup>2</sup> waving with the box-tree, and to see the groves of Narycian pine: it is delightful to behold fields not indebted to the hoes, and not dependent on any care of man. Even the unproductive woods on the top of Caucasus, which the fierce winds are continually breaking and carrying away, yield different products, some one, some another; they give pines, a wood useful for ships, and cedars and cypresses for houses. From such trees the husbandmen turn spokes for wheels; from such they frame solid drums for wagons, and bending keels for ships. The willows are prolific in twigs, the elms in leaves; but the myrtle and the cornel, useful for war, abound in shaft-wood; the yews are bent into Ituræan bows.<sup>3</sup> In

<sup>1</sup> Greater things, that is greater wonders in the tree-world. Even the lower types have all their great uses.

<sup>2</sup> Cytorus (Kidros), a city and mountain of Paphlagonia, on the Euxine. Narycian pitch, from Narycia, a town of the Locrians in Magna Graeca, in the neighborhood of which were forests of pine, &c.

<sup>3</sup> Ituræan bows, from Ituræa, a province of Syria, whose inhabitants were famous archers.

like manner the smooth lindens or the lathe-turned box receive shape, and are fashioned by the sharp steel. Thus, too, the light alder, sped down the Po, swims the boiling stream : thus, too, the bees hide their swarms in the hollow bark, and in the interior of a rotten oak. What have the gifts of Bacchus brought us so worthy of record? Bacchus had given occasion even for crime : he quelled by death the maddened Centaurs,<sup>1</sup> Rhœtus and Pholus, and Hylæus threatening the Lapithæ with a huge goblet.

Oh, inhabitants of the country, blessed to excess, if they but knew their mercies ! to whom, far removed from arms and strife, earth of her own accord most bounteously supplies a ready sustenance. Though a lofty mansion with haughty portals does not pour forth from all its halls a vast flow of early clients, and though men do not gaze with admiration at the door, partly inlaid with beautiful tortoise-shell, and on robes and coverlets bespangled with gold, and on Corinthian brass ; and if the white wool is not stained with Assyrian dye, nor their clear and serviceable oil adulterated with casia, yet they have peacefulness free from anxiety, and a life that knows not deceit, rich in varied resources ; yet they want not the liberty of the broad and open country, grottos, and natural lakes ; yet cool, shady vales like Tempe, and the lowing of the cattle and tranquil sleep beneath the trees are not denied them : there are pasture grounds, and haunts of game, and a youth whose heart is in their work, and who are ac-

<sup>1</sup> Centaurs, a people of Thessaly, represented as monsters, half men and half horses. The Lapithæ were also people of Thessaly, who inhabited the country about Mount Pindus and Othrys. The allusion here is to the battle of the Centaurs and Lapithæ, at the celebration of the nuptials of Pirithous, king of the latter, who invited not only the heroes of his age, but also the gods themselves. In the contest that ensued many of the Centaurs were slain, and the rest saved themselves by flight.

customed to frugality: the sacred rites of the gods are religiously observed, and old age is respected. Justice, when departing from the earth, imprinted her last footmarks among them.

But first before everything, may the dear Muses, whose sacred vessels I bear, smitten as I am with intense love, accept my devotion, and teach me the constellations of heaven and their paths, the various eclipses of the sun and the labors of the moon; what is the cause of earthquakes; by what force of nature it is that the seas are made to swell and burst their barriers, and again sink back into their channels; why winter's suns make haste to dip themselves in ocean, or what delay retards its tedious nights.

But if the cold blood about my heart hinders me from penetrating into these departments of nature, let fields and streams that run among the hills be my delight; though unknown to fame, may I be content with the rivers and the woods. Oh, where are the plains, and Spercheus,<sup>1</sup> and Taygetus,<sup>2</sup> the scene of the Bacchanalian revels of Spartan maids! Oh, that some one would transport me to the cool valleys of Hæmus, and shelter me with a thick shade of boughs? Happy is he who has been able to trace out the causes of things, and who has trodden under foot all idle fears, and inexorable Destiny, and the roar of devouring Acheron?<sup>3</sup> Blest, too, is he who has been intimate with the rural deities, Pan and old Silvanus, and the sister nymphs! him neither popular favor nor the purple of kings is wont to move, nor discord, driving brothers hostile, nor the Dacian descending

<sup>1</sup> Spercheus, a river of Thessaly.

<sup>2</sup> Taygetus, a mountain of Laconia, on which were celebrated the orgies of Bacchus: it hung over the city of Sparta, and extended from Taenarus to Arcadia.

<sup>3</sup> Acheron, one of the rivers of hell, according to the ancient poets; often used for hell itself.

from the Danube all in arms ; nor the great Roman state ; and kingdoms doomed to destruction. Such a one is not likely to pine with grief through pity for the poor, nor to be envious of the rich. What food the boughs and what the willing fields spontaneously present he has been wont to gather : nor sees he aught of the unbending laws, and the maddened courts and municipal registers.

Some vex the dangerous seas with oars, or rush into arms, or work their way into courts and the palaces of kings : one marks out a city and its wretched homes for destruction, that he may drink from jewelled cups and sleep on Tyrian purple. Another hoards up wealth, and lies sleepless on his buried gold. One, in bewildered amazement, gazes at the Rostra ; another, in open-mouthed delight, the plaudits of the commons and the nobles, redoubled along benches, have arrested : some take pleasure in being drenched with a brother's blood ; and exchange their homes and dear thresholds for exile, and seek a country lying under another sun. The husbandman cleaves the earth with the crooked plough ; hence arise the labors of the year ; hence he sustains his home and his children, his herds of kine, and his deserving steers. Nor is there any intermission such as to prevent the year from abounding in apples, or in the offspring of the flocks, or in the sheaf of Ceres' stalk ; or from loading the furrows with increase, and out-stocking the barns. Winter comes : the Sicyonian<sup>1</sup> berry is trodden in the oil-presses ; the swine come home gladdened with acorns ; the woods yield their arbutes ; and the autumn sheds its various productions ; and the grapes are ripened to mellowness high on the sunny rocks. Meanwhile his sweet children hang on his neck ; his faithful wife is pure and chaste ; the

<sup>1</sup> Sicyonian berry, the olive, with which Sicyonia, a district of Peloponnesus, abounded.

cows submit their udders full of milk ; and the fat kids strive with one another with butting horns on the joyous green. The farmer himself spends holiday ; and, extended on a grassy plain, where there is a fire in the middle, and where his companions crown the bowl, invokes you, O Lenæus, with libations ; and on an elm sets forth to the shepherds prizes to be contended for with the winged javelin ; then they on their part strip their hardy bodies for the rustic games.

Such a life did the Sabines of old follow, such a life did Remus and his brother live, by such a mode of life did Etruria in sooth grow powerful, and Rome became the fairest city on earth, and the Mistress of the World, and with one wall enclosed the circuit of her seven hills. This life, too, golden Saturn led on earth, before the sceptred sway of the Dictæan<sup>1</sup> king, and before an impious race feasted on slain bullocks. Nor yet had mankind heard the warlike trumpets blow, nor yet the swords ring when laid on the hard anvils.

But we have traversed a course immense in its extent ; and now it is time to unloose the reeking necks of our steeds.

<sup>1</sup> Dictæan king. Jupiter is so called from Mount Dicte in Crete, where he was worshipped, and where he was reared in infancy.

## BOOK III.

In the Third Book, after invoking the rural deities, and eulogizing Augustus, Virgil treats of the management of cattle, laying down rules for the choice and breeding of horses, oxen, sheep, &c. The Book abounds in admirable descriptions: many passages are inimitably fine.

I will sing of you too, great Pales, and you, far-famed shepherd of Amphrysus:<sup>1</sup> of you, woods and rivers of Arcadia. Other themes that, in poetry, might have entertained frivolous minds, have now become all trite and hackneyed. Who knows not the story of the merciless Eurystheus,<sup>2</sup> of the altars of the infamous Busiris? By what poet has not the boy Hylas been sung, and Latonian Delos?<sup>3</sup> or Hippodame,<sup>4</sup> and Pelops, the keen horseman, memorable for his ivory shoulder? I must try a course whereby I also may soar aloft and hover victorious<sup>5</sup> before the eyes of men.

<sup>1</sup> Amphrysus, a river of Thessaly, on the banks of which Apollo fed the flocks of king Admetus.

<sup>2</sup> Eurystheus, king of Argos and Mycenæ, who, at the instigation of Juno, imposed upon Hercules the most perilous enterprises, well known by the name of the twelve labors of Hercules. Busiris, a king of Egypt, noted for his cruelty in sacrificing all foreigners who entered his country.

<sup>3</sup> Delos, a small but celebrated island of the Ægean Sea, in which Latona gave birth to Apollo and Diana.

<sup>4</sup> Hippodame, a daughter of CEnomaus, king of Pisa in Elis. Her father refused to marry her except to him who could overcome him in a chariot race; thirteen had already been conquered, and forfeited their lives, when Pelops, the son of Tantalus, entered the lists, and by bribing Myrtilus, the charioteer of CEnomaus, insured to himself the victory.

<sup>5</sup> The poet modestly compares himself to Triptolemus, to whom the goddess Demeter (Ceres) gave a chariot with winged dragons and seeds of wheat, and in this he rode over

Returning from the Aonian mount, only provided that my life be spared, I shall be the first to conduct the Muses in triumph to my native home.<sup>1</sup> To you, O Mantua, I shall be the first to bring palms of Idumæa: and on your green plains I will erect a temple of marble, near the stream where the great Mincius winds in slow meanders, and fringes the banks with slender reed. I will place Cæsar in the sanctuary, and he shall be the god of the temple: as a conqueror, and in Tyrian purple, the observed of all, I will drive a hundred four-horsed chariots along the river banks in honor of him. For me, all Greece, leaving Alpheus<sup>2</sup> and the groves of Molorchus, shall contend in races and the untanned cestus. I myself, crowned with a wreath of olive, duly trimmed, will offer sacrifice. Even already, in anticipation, what joy I feel to lead the solemn procession to the temple and see the oxen slain; to note how the scene with changing view revolves, and how the pictured Britons raise<sup>3</sup> the purple curtain. On the doors will I represent, in gold and solid ivory,

the earth, teaching men the ways and the blessings of agriculture, as Virgil now seeks to do; and as Triptolemus, on his return to Athens, established the worship of Demeter, so Virgil proposes on his return to establish that of his patron Cæsar.

<sup>1</sup> As the first to acquire the fame and name of a poet, he may be justly said to bring the Muses to his native place.

<sup>2</sup> Alpheus (Rufea), a river of Elis, near which the Olympic games were held. Molorchus, a shepherd of Argolis, who kindly received Hercules, and in return the hero slew the Nemean lion which laid waste the country; hence the institution of the Nemean games.

<sup>3</sup> At the conclusion of a piece the curtain rose, and did not fall as with us. The figures of Britons, then recently known by Cæsar's invasion, were interwoven in the curtain in such a position and attitude as to appear to rise gradually, and raise the curtain with them. This is a delicate compliment to Augustus, whom the Britons sued for peace in 727 B.C., when he was in Gaul, preparing to invade them.

the battle of the Gangaridæ,<sup>1</sup> and the arms of conquering Quirinus; and here the Nile swelling with war, and high in flood, and columns decked in tiers with brass of captured ships. I will add the vanquished cities of Asia, and conquered Niphates,<sup>2</sup> and the Parthian, trusting to flight and to arrows shot back<sup>3</sup> against the enemy, and two trophies, wrested in close fight from two widely-distant foes, and nations twice triumphed over in the east and in the west. Here, too, shall stand in Parian marble, life-like statues, the descendants of Assaracus,<sup>4</sup> and the great names of the Jove-descended race; both Tros, our great ancestor, and Cynthian Apollo, founder of Troy. Envy, with baffled look, will quail at sight of the Furies, and the ruthless stream, Cocytus,<sup>5</sup> the wreathed snakes of Ixion, the enormous wheel, and the stone that will not yield.

Meanwhile, let us pursue the Dryads, woods and glades, all virgin though they be, at your request, Mæcenas, a task by no means light. Without you my mind conceives nothing grand; come then, away with doubt and all delay. Cithæron<sup>6</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Gangaridæ, a people of Asia, near the mouth of the Ganges,

<sup>2</sup> Niphates, a mountain of Armenia, part of the range of Taurus, from which the river Tigris takes its rise.

<sup>3</sup> The Parthians rode off as if in flight, and then, wheeling suddenly round, discharged their arrows at their pursuers.

<sup>4</sup> Assaracus, a Trojan prince, father of Capys, and grandfather of Anchises. Tros, a son of Erichthonius, king of Troy, which was so named after him. Cynthian Apollo: the surname is from Cynthus, a mountain in the island of Delos, where Apollo and Diana were born.

<sup>5</sup> Cocytus, a river of Epirus, called by the poets one of the rivers of hell. Ixion, a king of Thessaly, whom Jupiter is feigned to have struck with his thunder for having attempted to seduce Juno; he was bound with serpents to a wheel in hell, which was perpetually in motion.

<sup>6</sup> Cithæron, a mountain range between Attica and Bœotia, sacred to Jupiter and the Muses. Epidaurus (Epidauro), a city of Argolis, famed for a temple of Esculapius, and for its fine breed of horses.



calls with loud halloo, and the hounds of Taygetus, and Epidaurus with high-mettled steeds, and the sound re-echoed by the woods in concert rings out again. Yet, by-and-bye, I will gird up my loins to sing of Cæsar's keen contested fights, and to transmit his name with honor through as many years as Cæsar is himself removed from the birth of Tithonus.

Whether any one, coveting the prizes of the Olympian palm, breeds horses, or whether he rears bullocks which shall be strong for the plough, let him study with special care the mothers' points. The ill-looking cow is the best type, whose head is coarse, whose neck is long and brawny, and whose dew-lap hangs down from chin to knee. Then there is no limit to her length of side; everything is on a large scale, even her foot, and she has shaggy ears beside her crumpled horns. And far be it from me to condemn one which is white and spotted, and that refuses the yoke, and is sometimes vicious with her horn, and in general appearance is somewhat like a bull, and which is altogether tall and stately, and which, as she walks, sweeps her foot-prints with the point of her tail.

The age to engage in breeding and legitimate intercourse ends before ten, and begins after four years: the other parts of their life are neither fit for breeding nor strong for the plough. Meantime, while the flocks abound with the desires of youth, let loose the males: be the first to entice your cattle to the joys of love: and by generation raise up one brood after another. All the best period of the life of wretched mortals is the first to fly: diseases and sorrowful old age succeed, and suffering, and the unmerciful decree of inexorable death carrying them off. There will always be some cows which you may wish to change; but indeed be always recruiting your stock, lest after animals have been lost

you should feel the want of them ; anticipate the risk, and every year carefully select new recruits for the breeding cows.

The same discriminating choice is also necessary in the brood of horses. Only, from their tender age, bestow special care on those males which you shall determine to use as sires for breeding purposes. From the very first, the thoroughbred colt paces the fields with a statelier step, and sets down his limbs with ease and grace : he is the first that dares to lead the way, and to brave the threatening streams, and to trust himself to an untried bridge ; nor is he startled by an idle noise. His neck is lofty, his head is small and elegant, his belly is short and his back plump, and his high-mettled chest proudly swells with brawny muscles. The bright bay and the grey are of generous blood ; the worst colors are the white and the dun. Then, if any sound of armor is heard at a distance, he (the thoroughbred) cannot stand still. His ears quiver, and he trembles with excitement in every joint, and snorting he works up, and in his nostrils stores his breath of fire. His mane is thick, and falls on his right shoulder in loose confusion. But farther, a double ridge<sup>1</sup> runs along his back : he paws the ground too, and heavily sounds his hoof of solid horn. Such was Cyllarus, tamed by the bridle of Amyclæan Pollux,<sup>2</sup> and those which the Grecian poets have told us of, the harnessed pair of Mars, and the team of great Achilles. Aye, such was Saturn too, when quick as lightning, at the coming of his wife, he spread a mane upon

<sup>1</sup> In a horse in good condition, a fulness of flesh near the spine is seen, by which two ridges are formed, one at each side of the bone. This is what the ancients mean by a double spine.

<sup>2</sup> Amyclæan Pollux was the son of Jupiter, by Leda, and the twin brother of Castor ; he was so called from Amyclæ, a city of Laconia, where he was born.

his horse's neck, and as he fled, filled lofty Pelion with shrill neighing.

Even him shut up in the home paddock, when he is beginning to fail, being either weakened by disease or stiffened by years, and regard not his old age, now blemished. An old horse has lost the fire of love, and in vain prolongs the unwelcome task ; and whenever he comes to an engagement, he is impotently keen, as at times a great blaze in stubble, without strength. On this account you will note the spirit and, in an especial manner, the age of each ; then his other qualities, and his pedigree, and what pain he has felt in defeat, and what pride in victory.

Don't you see it,—when the chariots have started in headlong struggle, and rush from the barriers in wild confusion, when the hopes of the youths are at the highest pitch, and palpitating fear drains their bounding hearts? the drivers press on with circling lash, and bending forward give full rein : on flies the wheel, aglow with the speed ; and now they are seen low on earth, then again they seem to be borne aloft through the void, and to rise high in air ; there is neither delay nor rest, but a cloud of yellow sand is raised ; they are soaked with the foam and breath of those that follow them : such is their love of glory, such the anxiety for success.

Erichthonius<sup>1</sup> was the first who ventured to yoke the chariot and four horses, and though in rapid motion to stand upright in safety on the car. The Pelethronian Lapithæ, mounted on horseback, employed reins and the training-ring, and taught the horseman to prance, and to

<sup>1</sup> Erichthonius, a son of Vulcan, and king of Athens: the invention of chariots is ascribed to him. Pelethronian Lapithæ, so called from Pelethronium, a town of Thessaly, at the foot of Mount Pelion, inhabited by the Lapithæ, who were excellent horsemen.

curvet with proud steps. Both objects<sup>1</sup> are difficult to obtain, and accordingly horse-breeders are equally careful to select a horse that is young, of warm blood and high mettle, and swift of foot, although the other<sup>2</sup> may have often driven the routed enemy before him, and though he claim Epirus or the warlike Mycenæ<sup>3</sup> as his birth-place, or trace his pedigree from the stock of Neptune himself.

Having carefully observed these points, the grooms are eagerly attentive at the approach of the breeding season, and devote all their care to fill out with firm flesh that horse which they have chosen to be leader and sire to the flock; and they cut fresh and sappy grass, and give him water from the stream, and corn, that he may not fail to have even a superfluity of vigor for his pleasing task, and that a puny offspring may not perpetuate a meagre sire. But, on the contrary, they purposely reduce the mares to leanness: and, when now the well-known pleasure solicits the first intercourse, they both deny them grass and keep them from the springs. Often, too, they shake them in the race, and tire them in the sun,<sup>4</sup> when beneath the heavy-beaten grain the threshing-floor cries out, and in the rising zephyr the empty chaff is driven before it. This they do that excessive pampering may not deaden the quickness of the generative soil, choking the channels and making them passionless; but that it may with greediness drink in the draught of love, and hide it far within.

<sup>1</sup> That is, to procure good racers and good chargers; or, according to some, good racers and good stallions.

<sup>2</sup> *Ille*, the other, *i.e.*, the old horse spoken of above in lines 95-96.

<sup>3</sup> Mycenæ, a city of Argolis, once the capital of a kingdom, and the residence of Agamemnon.

<sup>4</sup> That is, "they gallop and sweat them." Some think that "tire them in the sun" applies to the cows only, as employed in threshing, while "galloping" refers to the horses.

The care of the sires, in turn, begins to wane, and that of the dams to take its place. When now, some months elapsed, they rove about, great with young, let no one suffer them to bear the yoke under heavy wagons, or to leap across a path, and wildly scour the meadows, and swim the rapid streams. Men feed them then in roomy pastures and beside full rivers, where there is moss, and where the banks are greenest with the new-grown grass, and where grottos may afford a shelter, and a rock may project its shade.

About the groves of Silarus,<sup>1</sup> and Alburnus, with its ever-green oaks, abounds a flying insect which the Romans name *asilus*, and the Greeks in their language have translated into *cestros* (gadfly); vicious, with harsh, shrill notes; by which whole herds affrighted fly from the woods; the air is convulsed and maddened with their bellowings, and the woods and banks of waterless Tanager. With this monster did Juno once exercise her savage passion, having carefully sought out the fellest torture for the Inachian heifer.<sup>2</sup> This danger too, for in the noontide heat it is more furious, you will ward off from your pregnant cattle; and feed your herds when the sun is newly risen, or when the stars usher in the night.

After birth, all attention is transferred to the young, and at once they brand them with marks and names;<sup>3</sup> they also

<sup>1</sup> Silarus (Silaro), a river of Italy, separating Lucania from the territory of Picentini. Alburnus, a lofty mountain of Lucania, at the foot of which rises the river Tanager (Negro).

<sup>2</sup> Io, daughter of Inachus, and priestess of Juno at Argos, was changed into a heifer by Jupiter, but afterwards restored to her own form, when she married Telegonus or Osiris, king of Egypt. After death she was worshipped under the name of Isis.

<sup>3</sup> This may mean marks indicating the breed, date of birth, owner's name, &c., or details of individual excellence, or fitness for special purposes, as set forth in the next two lines.

specially note those which they think best suited for keeping up the flock, or to set apart for sacrifice, or to break up the ground, and to plough the soil, rough with broken clods. The rest of the herd grazes on the green pastures.

Those which you would train for the purposes and the occupation of agriculture, teach while calves, and enter on the mode of taming them whilst their young minds are tractable, while their age is pliant. And first harness them with loose collars of slender twigs; and then, when their free necks have become accustomed to bondage, match your bullocks in pairs joined by the twisted ropes themselves, and make them walk in step; and now let empty vehicles be often drawn by them along the ground, and let them imprint their tracks only on the surface of the dust.<sup>1</sup> Afterwards let the beechen axle straining under a ponderous load creak, and let the brass-girt pole draw the united wheels. Meanwhile, for the young, untamed bullocks you will crop with your hand not only grass, or the small willow and marshy sedge, but also springing corn; nor shall your new-calved cows fill the snowy pails, as was the custom of our fathers, but spend their whole udders on their sweet offspring.

But if your taste should incline you to war and martial troops, or with your wheels to skim along the brink of Pisa's<sup>2</sup> Alphean streams, and drive the flying chariot in the grove of Jove, the first part of the horse's training must be to see the mettle and the arms of warriors, to stand the trumpet,

<sup>1</sup> *I.e.*, let there be no load to make the feet of the young oxen or the wheel of the vehicle sink deep. There were three modes of yoking cattle: *1st*, by the horns; *2nd*, by the jugum or cross-bar; and *3rd*, by the *torques*, or twisted rope, or coupling-collar, passed round the necks of a pair of oxen.

<sup>2</sup> Pisa, an ancient city of Elis, on the banks of the Alpheus, near which was the plain of Olympia, where the Olympic games were held.

and to bear the rumbling of the wheels in their career, and the rattling bridles in his stall ; then more and more to take pleasure in the winning praises of his groom, and to love the sound of his patted neck. And these let him hear as soon as he is weaned from the udder of his dam, and then for a change let him yield his mouth to the soft halters, while still immature and timid, and even unconscious of his strength. But after three full years, when his fourth summer has arrived, let him forthwith begin to tread the ring, and pace with measured steps ; and let him learn to trot and to canter. Then let him challenge the winds in swiftness, and flying over the open plains as if in no control, scarce print his footsteps on the surface of the sand.<sup>1</sup> Just as when the north wind has come down in concentrated force from the Hyperborean regions, and dispels the storms and dry clouds of Scythia ; then (at first) the high corn and waving fields ripple under the gentle breeze, the tops of the woods give forth a moaning sound, and the lengthened waves press onwards to the shore : (next) it (the N. wind) flies at head-long speed, sweeping in its course both land and sea. Such

<sup>1</sup> In this passage, very difficult to translate with precision and elegance, the four main motions of a horse are set forth. First we have the walk in the ring ; then the amble, or perhaps the prance, "sound with measured tread," then the trot itself, "to bend the arching curves of his legs alternately ;" then the canter, "to be like one toiling ;" and last, the gallop—"challenge the winds in swiftness, and fly over the open plains." If one observes the gait of a horse in trotting, he will at once see the appropriateness of Virgil's description, and will observe how the foreleg of the horse is bent into a curve as it is lifted, and how this is done by one side of the horse and then by the other (*alterna*). In the canter a horse raises the forepart of his body and throws it somewhat back, as if the rider were reining him in, and he were struggling or toiling against the restraint—"laboring" against some difficulty. So we speak of a ship "laboring" in the sea.

a steed will at the goals of Elis and its lengthened course contest the prize with keenest effort, and from his mouth emit the bloody foam : or will better bear the Belgian war-car on his obedient neck. Then at last, when they are broken, let their bodies grow large with fattening mash ; for if fattened before breaking, they acquire an excess of mettle, and when caught will refuse to bear the pliant whip and obey the knotted bit.

But no treatment, however persisted in, more confirms their strength than to remove temptation from them, and the incentives to blind love, whether any one prefers the rearing of bulls or of horses. And therefore they banish the bulls to a distance, and to lonely pastures, behind some intervening hill, or beyond some broad rivers, or keep them indoors at satisfying stalls ; for the female insensibly consumes their vigor, and frets them when in sight, and does not allow them to attend to the groves and pastures ; and she indeed, by her sweet attractions, often impels her haughty lovers to decide their quarrel with their horns. The beauteous heifer feeds in the great wood of Sila ; they with "changing blows" engage in battle with great vehemence and with many wounds ; black blood drenches their bodies and with loud roars their opposing horns are dashed into the enemy ; the woods and even the wide heavens give back the awful sound. Nor is it usual for those at enmity to stall together, but the one that is vanquished retires and lives a wanderer in distant regions, much bewailing his defeat and the wounds inflicted by the proud victor, and besides, the loved object he has lost without revenge ; and often casting a lingering look at the stalls, he leaves his ancestral home. Therefore with the utmost care he exercises and trains his powers, and lies the live-long night among the hard rocks in an unlittered lair, feeding on coarse leaves and bitter sedge : He tests himself, and by



butting against the trunk of a tree he learns to concentrate his wrath in his horns, and challenges the wind with his blows, and as a prelude to the fight he spurns the sands. Afterwards, when his sturdy muscle has been regained, and his powers recruited, he starts at once,<sup>1</sup> and rushes headlong on his unwary foe, as a wave, when it begins to whiten in the midst of the sea, draws on its lengthening curve from far, and from the deeper water, and as it rolls to land, with awful roar among the rocks it falls in thunder like a mountain peak ; but the depths of the water seethe up in foaming eddies, and toss on high the sable sand.

In truth, every kind on the earth, both of men and wild beasts, the fish, the cattle, and plumaged birds, rush to the frenzy and the fire of love : in all there is the same love. At no other time does the lioness, forgetful of her whelps, range the plains in fiercer fury ; nor do the unshapely bears cause death to so many, and such havoc in the woods ; then is the boar ferocious, then is the tiger most vicious. It is then, alas ! dangerous to wander in the lonely fields of Libya. See you not how tremor thrills through the horse's whole body if the well-known scent is wafted on the breeze ? And now neither bridles of men, nor the cruel lash, nor cliffs, nor hollow rocks, and rivers in his path oppose him, even such as seize and sweep away whole mountains in their course. Even the Sabellian boar madly rushes about, and whets his teeth, and with his feet tears up the ground, rubs his flanks against a tree, and on this side and that hardens his shoulders to wounds. What does the youth do in whose vitals relentless love stirs the powerful flame ? Why, late in the dark and dangerous night he swims the strait, upturned with sudden gusts ; over him the great gate of heaven

<sup>1</sup> Literally, "strikes the tents."

thunders, and the seas dashing against the rocks remonstrate with him. Neither can his distressed parents recall him, nor the maiden about to perish "on the head of it" by a cruel fate. What of the spotted ounces of Bacchus, and the fierce race of wolves and dogs? what of the dreadful battles which the timorous stags wage? Of a truth the mad love of mares is notable above all others; and this passion Venus herself gave, when his four Potnian mares tore the limbs of Glaucus<sup>1</sup> to pieces with their jaws. Love drives them across Gargarus, and roaring Ascanius:<sup>2</sup> they scale mountains, and ford rivers. And forthwith, when desire is secretly kindled in their eager marrow, chiefly in spring, for in spring the heat returns into their bones, they all, with their faces turned towards the Zephyr, stand on cliffs and catch the gentle gales; and often, wondrous to relate! impregnated by the wind, without any male intercourse, they fly over stones and rocks and deep-sunk valleys, not towards your rising-place, O Eurus, nor to that of the sun, but towards Boreas and Caurus,<sup>3</sup> or whence pitchy Auster rises, and shrouds the heaven with his rainy cold. Here at length a viscous humor distils from their groins, which the shepherds call "hippomanes" by its proper name, and which wicked step-mothers often gather, and to noxious herbs add no un-harmful spells.

But meanwhile Time, Time that cannot be recalled, is fleeting, while enamored of my theme I enter into all details.

Enough on herds: a second part of my task remains, to treat with care of woolly sheep and rough-haired goats. In

<sup>1</sup> Glaucus, a son of Sisyphus, king of Corinth, who was torn to pieces at Potnia, in Bœotia, by his own mares.

<sup>2</sup> Ascanius, afterwards called the Hylas, a river of Bithynia, in Asia Minor, flowing into the Propontis (Sea of Marmora) near Cios.

<sup>3</sup> Caurus, the north-west wind; Auster, the south wind.

this let your occupation be : from it hard-working farmers hope for due reward. And I am well aware how difficult it is to master these things in language, and to add the dignity of verse to lowly subjects : but my cherished desire to do so hurries me along the untrodden heights of Parnassus : it delights me to go on those summits, where no track of previous poets turns down to Castalia<sup>1</sup> with a gentle incline.

Now, adorable Pales, now must I sing in lofty strain. In the first place, I advise you shepherds to feed your sheep on fodder in well-littered pens, till by-and-bye the leafy spring return : and to strew the hard ground under them with plenty of straw and with handfuls of fern, lest the icy cold hurt the tender flock, and bring on the mange and filthy foot-rot. Next, leaving them, I bid you to provide the goats with leafy arbutes, and to supply them with water from the stream ; and, avoiding winds, to turn their stalls towards the south, and make them face the winter sun, when cold *Aquarius*<sup>2</sup> now at length sets, and in the extremity of the year pours forth his rains. Nor are these goats to be tended by us with less care ; nor will their profit be less, though Milesian fleeces, that have drunk the Tyrian dye, be sold for a great price ; from these is a more numerous breed, from these a greater quantity of milk ; the more the pail froths with their exhausted udder, the more will abundant streams flow from their pressed teats. Meanwhile, men are no less careful to clip the beards and hoary chins and long waving hair of the Cinyphian<sup>3</sup> he-goats, for military purposes and for

<sup>1</sup> Castalia, a celebrated fountain of Mount Parnassus, sacred to the Muses.

<sup>2</sup> *Aquarius*, one of the signs of the Zodiac, rises in January, and, as its name imports, is frequently accompanied with rain.

<sup>3</sup> Cinyphian he-goats, from Cinyphus, a river and country of Africa, near Tripolis. Goats' hair was used largely in the manufacture of cloth for the covering of tents, and military

clothing to sailors in their life of hardships. And then they find pasture from the woods, from the summits of Lycæus, from the rough brambles, and from thickets that love the craggy rocks; and the goats of their own accord return home, watchful of the time, and bring their young with them, and scarce can pass the threshold with their laden udders. Therefore, the less they need the attention of man, the more careful must you be to defend them from the cold and the snowy winds; and you must ungrudgingly bring them food, and leafy boughs; and shut not up your hay-lofts during the whole winter.

But when the summer, rejoicing in the inviting Zephyrs, shall send forth both sheep and goats into the lawns and pastures, at the first appearance of Lucifer, let us make for the cool fields, while the morning is young, while the grass is hoary, and the dew, most grateful to the cattle, is still on the tender blade. Then, as soon as the fourth hour of day has accumulated the heat, and the plaintive grasshoppers shall burst the groves with their notes, I will bid the flocks at wells or deep pools to drink from oaken troughs the water of the stream; but in the noontide heats, I will advise the shepherd to seek out a shady vale, wherever Jove's stately oak with its strength of years extends its huge boughs, or wherever a dark grove of dense holms lies near in peace with hallowed shadow. Then give them once again the limpid streams, and once again feed them at the setting of the sun, when cool Vesper moderates the temperature, and the dewy moon now refreshes the lawns, and the shores resound with the kingfisher, and the bushes with the goldfinch.

Why should I go on to tell you in verse of the shepherds engines such as the plutei, for sailors' and soldiers' dress, ropes, &c.

and pastures of Libya, and their settlements with few and thinly scattered huts? Their flocks often graze both day and night, and for a whole month together, and repair into deserts without any shelter; such an extent of plain lies open to them. The African shepherd carries his all with him, his house and his home, his arms, his Amyclean dog, and Cretan quiver: like the vigorous Roman, when equipped in his country's arms, he takes his way under his load, and having pitched his camp, stands in array of battle before he is expected by the foe.

But not so, where are the Scythian nations, and the Mæotic sea,<sup>1</sup> and the turbid Ister, whirling his yellow sand; and where Rhodope retires,<sup>2</sup> and then bends back directly underneath the pole: there they keep their herds shut up in stalls; nor is either any grass to be seen in the fields or leaves on the trees, but the country lies featureless with mounds of snow and deep ice far as the eye can reach, and rises seven ells in height. It is always winter, always northwest winds, with their chilling blast. Then further, the sun never dissipates the dingy shades, either when borne on his steeds he climbs the lofty sky, or when he bathes his swift chariot in the reddened plain of ocean. Sheets of ice suddenly are congealed in the running river: now on its surface the water sustains the iron-shod wheels; that water formerly the home of ships, now of broad and clumsy wagons. Vases of brass burst everywhere, clothes are congealed on the body, they cut with axes the liquid wine, and whole pools turn to solid ice, and the icicles grow hard and lumpy on their

<sup>1</sup> Mæotic waves, *i.e.*, Palus Mæotis, now the Sea of Azov or Azof.

<sup>2</sup> Rhodope is a chain of mountains in Thrace, which extends eastward, and is then joined with Hæmus, and parting from it, returns northward.

uncombed beards. Meanwhile, with no less vehemence does the snow fall from the whole heavens; the small animals perish; the huge bodies of oxen stand encased in hoar-frost; and the deer, huddling together for heat, lie benumbed under the unusual load, and scarcely overtop it with the tips of their horns. These they hunt not with hounds let loose, nor with any toils, nor do they drive them in a state of terror, through fear of the crimson feathers;<sup>1</sup> but coming close up they slay them with their weapons as they struggle and push with their breasts against the opposing wreath of snow, and they cut them down as they roar piteously; and with loud acclamation bear them off triumphant. The inhabitants themselves, in caves dug deep under ground, enjoy undisturbed leisure, and roll to their hearths piled oaks, and whole elms, and give them to the flames. Here they spend the night in play; and joyous, counterfeit the juice of the grape with their beer and acid cider. Such is that wild race of men lying under the northern Bear, who are buffeted by the Rhipæan east wind, and whose bodies are clothed with the tawny furs of beasts.

If the preparation of wool be your object, first let prickly shrubs, such as burrs and caltrops, be avoided; shun rich pastures; and from the very first choose animals that are white and that have soft wool. The ram, however, though in his body he is pure white, reject if he has only a black tongue in his moist mouth, lest the fleeces of the young lambs be marked with dark spots; and look out for another in the well-stocked field. Thus it was that Pan, the god of Arcadia, if the story be worthy of credit, deceived you, O moon, captivated by the gift of a snow-white ram, inviting you into the deep groves; nor did you scorn his invitation.

<sup>1</sup> On the "formido" here spoken of, see note on *Æn.* iv. 121.

But let him who desires abundance of milk carry to the cribs with his own hand the cytissus, and plenty of water-lilies and salt herbs. After this food the animals take more delight in water, and distend their udders the more, and give milk with a slightly saltish taste.

Many keep the new-fallen kids from their dams, and fasten muzzles with iron spikes on their noses. What they milk at sunrise and during the day, they press at night; what they milk when the darkness is now coming on and the sun is setting, they press and carry forth in baskets (the shepherd goes to town with it), or sprinkle it with a little salt and lay it past for winter.

Nor let your care of dogs be the last; but feed at once with fattening whey the swift hounds of Sparta, and the fierce mastiff of Molossis.<sup>1</sup> While these are your guards, you need never fear the nightly robber for your stalls, the inroads of the wolves, or the restless Iberians coming upon you by stealth. Often, too, with your dogs you will pursue the timorous wild asses in the chase, and will hunt the hare and the hinds. Often by the barking of your dogs you will rouse the boar from his marshy lair, and pursue him in wild confusion, and on the lofty mountains will force the giant stag to the nets with loud halloo.

Learn also to burn fragrant cedar in the folds, and to drive away the noxious water-snakes with the scent of galbanum. Often under the mangers, when not cleaned out, either the viper of pernicious touch lies concealed, and flies the light of day through fear; or that snake, the direful pest of kine, which is wont to shelter itself under cover, and shed its venom on the cattle, keeps close to the ground.<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Molossis, a district in the south of Epirus, celebrated for its fierce breed of hounds, much used as watch-dogs.

<sup>2</sup> Or "always lives under ground," *i.e.* has a light covering of earth over him.

Take stones, shepherd, take clubs; and while he rears his threatening head, and swells his hissing neck, knock him down: and now in flight he has hidden deep in earth his coward head, when the wreaths of his body and the train of his far distant tail are relaxed, and the last coil drags out its slowly moving folds. There is also that baneful snake in the Calabrian brakes,<sup>1</sup> rolling up his scaly back, with breast erect, and long belly speckled with broad spots; which, so long as waters burst from the wells, and so long as the lands are moist with the rainy spring and watery south winds, keeps to the pools, and lodging in the banks, gorges his horrid maw with fish and the croaking frogs. When the fen is dried up, and the soil is rent with drought, he darts forth on dry ground, and, rolling his fiery eyes, wildly scours the fields, made savage by thirst, and in terror from the heat. Forbid that I should then indulge soft slumbers in the open air, or lie on the grass on a wooded hill, when, after casting his slough, he springs forth fresh and bright in youthful vigor, leaving his young or his eggs in his den, and sunward rears his head, and makes his three-forked tongue to dart and quiver in his mouth.

I will also teach you the cause and the signs of their diseases. The filthy scab attacks the sheep when the chilling shower has sunk into the quick, and winter, crisp with hoary frost; or when the sweat, not washed away, has adhered to them after they have been shorn, and prickly briers have torn their bodies. On this account the shepherds dip the whole flock in pure and sweet streams, and the ram, to drench his fleece, is plunged into the pool, and then is set to float down stream; or they besmear their bodies after shearing with bitter lees of oil, and mix with it litharge of silver,

<sup>1</sup> Calabria is a country in the south of Italy, anciently part of Magna Græcia.



native sulphur, pine-tar, and rich wax, with oil commingled, squills too, rank smelling hellebore, and black bitumen. But there is not any more efficacious remedy for their sufferings than if one could open the head of the ulcer with a lance: the disease is fostered and kept alive by being unopened, while the shepherd refuses to apply the healing hand to the sores, or sits idly by praying the gods for better omens.

Moreover, when the "trouble," penetrating into the inmost bones of the moaning sheep, becomes acute, and the parching fever wastes away their bodies, it has been found useful to drive out the aggravated inflammation, and in the lower part of the foot to open a vein throbbing with blood; just as the Bisaltæ<sup>1</sup> do, and the vigorous Gelonian, when he flies to Rhodope, and the deserts of the Getæ, and drinks mares' milk, thickened with the blood of horses.

Whatever sheep you see either at a distance from the rest, or retiring frequently under the soothing shade, or listlessly cropping the tops of the grass, and following in the rear and feeding, as it lies, in the open plain, and returning by itself late at night, at once kill that faulty one with the knife, before the dire contagion spreads among the unwary flock.

Not so numerous are the whirlwinds which drive before them the wintry storm, and descend with vehemence on the ocean, as are the plagues<sup>2</sup> which attack cattle; and diseases seize not individual sheep alone, but all the summer folds, both the young and their dams alike and in fact the whole stock, root and branch. Then may one know it as soon as

<sup>1</sup> Bisaltæ, a people of Macedonia or Thrace. Getæ, a people of European Scythia, inhabiting that part of Dacia near the mouth of the Danube.

<sup>2</sup> Virgil is much indebted to Thucydides and Lucretius throughout the following description, as those who have read these authors will remember.

he sees, even long afterwards, the "soaring Alps," and the Noric strongholds on the heights, and the pastures of the Lapidian Timavus, and the haunts of the shepherds now abandoned, and the glens and glades with not a hoof for miles and miles. Here, once upon a time, a direful season occurred, through a pestilential atmosphere, and the air burned with all the force of autumn's heat, and did to death all kinds of tame and savage beasts. It both polluted the waters and tainted the fodder with disease. Nor were the symptoms and the character of the malady of one kind only, but when the burning fever, coursing through every vein, had shrivelled up their wretched bodies, again the diseased watery humor became excessive, and absorbed the bones which melted into it piecemeal. Often in the midst of the sacrifice, the victim standing at the altar, while the woollen wreath is being entwined with the snowy fillet, has dropped down in the agonies of death among the hands of the lingering attendants. Or if the priest had slaughtered any one before it fell, neither do entrails, when laid on the altars, burn, nor is the augur, when consulted, able from it to give responses; and the knives, though driven upwards, are scarcely tinged with blood, and the surface of the sand hardly stained with the thin and watery gore. Hence the calves in great number expire in the midst of abundant pastures, and give up their dear lives at the full cribs. Hence the kindly dogs are seized with madness; and wheezing cough shakes the diseased swine, and suffocates them with swollen throats. The horse that often won the prize, unprofited by former honors, and heedless of his grass, now loathes the streams, and with his foot oft beats the ground; his ears are drooped, there, too, a fitful sweat appears, and that indeed is cold in those about to die; his skin is dry, and as one handles it, presents no softness to the touch. In fatal cases they show these symptoms

in the early days of their illness ; but when the disease in its progress gets more severe, then indeed their eyes are fiery red, and their long-drawn breathings sometimes are weighted with a groan, and they distend and contract their remotest flanks with a deep sob ; black blood oozes from their nostrils, and the rough tongue presses against their closed-up jaws. It has been found useful to pour wine into them through a horn inserted in the mouth ; this appeared the sole remedy for the dying : soon after, this very thing proved their destruction ; and being reinforced with frenzied fever they became frantic, and they themselves, now in the agonies of death—may the gods allot better things to the good, and give such madness to our foes !—tore and mangled their limbs with teeth all bare. Lo, the bull, too, reeking under the oppressive share, drops down, and vomits forth blood mixed with froth, and heaves his latest groans. The ploughman, unyoking the steer saddened by his comrade's death, departs with heavy heart, and in the midst of his work leaves the plough fixed in the earth. But him, neither the shades of the deep groves nor the soft meadows then affect, nor the rivulet, which, wending its way among the rocks, seeks the plain, purer than amber. Moreover, the extremities of his sides grow flaccid, a stupor dulls his listless eyes, and his neck droops to the ground, down-borne by weight. What do their labors or kind services now profit them ? what avails it to have turned the heavy lands with the share ? Yet they were never injured by the rich gifts of Bacchus, or by banquets of many courses. They feed on leaves and the nourishment of plain grass ; the crystal springs and rapid running rivers are their drink ; and no anxiety breaks their healthful slumbers. It is said that at no other time were cattle sought in vain in those regions for Juno's sacred rites, and that chariots were drawn to her lofty shrine by ill-matched buffaloes.

Therefore with difficulty men furrow the ground with hoes, and bury the seed with their very nails, and with straining necks drag the creaking wagons over the high hills. The wolf meditates no raid upon the folds, nor prowls about the flock by night; a sterner care subdues him. The timorous deer and bounding stags now saunter among the dogs and about the houses. Now, too, the waves wash out upon the beach the produce of the boundless ocean, and fish of all kinds, like shipwrecked bodies; and the seals, contrary to their wont, fly to the rivers. The viper, too, in vain seeking protection in her winding burrow, expires; and the water-snakes, whose scales erect betoken their dismay. Even to the very birds the air is fatal; and falling headlong, they leave their lives beneath the lofty cloud.

Besides, it is now of no avail to change their food, and remedies carefully devised prove hurtful: Chiron,<sup>1</sup> son of Philyra, and Melampus, son of Amythaon, masters in the healing art, both baffled, gave it up; Tisiphone,<sup>2</sup> sent from the Stygian glooms to light, ghastly with rage, gives way to deeds of cruelty: diseases and affright she drives before her, and towering aloft, she raises higher day by day her devouring head. With bleating of the sheep, and constant lowing of the cattle, the rivers, the withered banks, and sloping hills resound; and now in heaps she deals destruction, and in the very stalls piles up carcasses putrefying in foul corruption, till men learn to bury them in the ground, and cover them in pits. For neither were their hides of any use, nor could they remove the taint and fit the flesh for food by

<sup>1</sup> Chiron, one of the Centaurs, son of Saturn and Philyra, was famous for his skill in music, physic and gymnastics. Melampus, a celebrated soothsayer and physician of Argos.

<sup>2</sup> Tisiphone, one of the Furies, who was the minister of divine vengeance, and punished the wicked in Tartarus.

washing or by boiling, or by roasting it with fire; nor durst they so much as shear the fleeces corrupted with disease and filthy discharge, or touch the infected yarn. But, moreover, if any one risked the loathsome garments, fiery pustules and disgusting sweat overspread his fetid limbs, and then, in no long time, the sacred fire<sup>1</sup> devoured his body all diseased.

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## BOOK IV.

The subject of the Fourth Book is the management of bees: their habits, economy, polity, and government, are described with the utmost fidelity, and with all the charm of poetry. The Book concludes with the beautiful episodes of Aristæus recovering his bees.

In pursuance of my plan, I will now treat of the divine gift of aerial honey.<sup>2</sup> Look with favor, O Mæcenas, on this part also of my work. I will place before you the marvellous exhibition of a miniature republic, and will tell of high-spirited chiefs, and, in due order, of the national character and the habits of the whole race, and of their pursuits, their tribes, and their wars. Upon a common-place subject is the labor spent, but not small will be the renown, should unpropitious deities permit me, and should Apollo, when invoked, bend an ear to my prayers.

In the first place, a good locality must be sought for the bees, and a site for the hives, where, on the one hand, the

<sup>1</sup> "Sacred fire," *sacer ignis*, was a disease something similar to erysipelas.

<sup>2</sup> Aerial honey: the theory was, that the honey was derived from dew; it was only the wax that was got from flowers.

winds may not have access—for the winds interfere with them in carrying home their food—and where, on the other, neither sheep nor frisky kids may tread upon the flowers, or a heifer straying from the plain, may brush off the dew and bruise the springing grass.

Also let the speckled lizards with scaly backs be far from the well-stocked hives, and woodpeckers, and other birds; and the swallow,<sup>1</sup> whose breast is stained with her bloody hands. For they devastate all around, and in their mouths bear away the bees themselves while on the wing, a sweet morsel for their merciless young. But let clear springs and pools edged with green moss be near, and a rivulet coursing with shallow stream through the grassy meads; and let a palm or stately wild olive overshadow the entrance; that, when the new chiefs lead forth the first swarms in the favoring spring, and the young bees, issuing from the hives, indulge in sport, the neighboring bank may invite them to withdraw from the heat, and the tree facing them may receive them with its leafy shelter. Into the midst of the water, whether it be still or briskly running, throw willows crosswise, and huge stones, that they may rest upon frequent bridges, and spread their wings to the summer sun, if perchance an eastern blast has wet those that lag behind, or immersed them in the flood. Near these surroundings let green casia, and fragrant wild thyme, and a supply of strong-scented savory grow in abundance, and let beds of violets drink a welling<sup>2</sup> fountain.

But as for your hives themselves, whether they be made of hollow bark or woven with pliant osier, let them have

<sup>1</sup> Procne, the wife of Tereus, king of Thrace, was feigned to have been changed into a swallow. See note on Ecl. 6, line 79.

<sup>2</sup> Observe the active force of "irriguos," viz., welling and watering the flowers.

their inlets narrow ; for winter congeals the honey with its cold, and heat melts it and causes it to run : both agents are equally dreaded by the bees : nor is it for nothing that they smear with wax<sup>1</sup> the small crevices in their "caps," and fill up the edges with fucus and flowers, and collect and preserve for that very purpose a glue which is more tenacious than bird-lime, or the pitch of Phrygian Ida. Often also, if the report be true, they make a comfortable home underground, having excavated hiding-places, and they have been found deep down in hollow pumice-stones, and the cavity of a rotten tree. Be careful, however, to smear their chinky hives all round with smooth mud to keep them warm, and strew them thinly over with leaves. And suffer not a yew near their homes, nor burn in the fire the reddened crabshells, and do not allow them to be near a deep fen, or where there is a noisome smell of mire, or where the vaulted rocks resound on being struck, and the tones of the voice return in echo.

For what remains, when the golden sun has overcome the winter and driven it under ground, and opened the earth and sky with summer light, they forthwith roam through the lawns and woods, and reap the harvest of bright-hued flowers, and lightly sip the surface of the streams. Hence, rendered joyous by some sweet influence or other derived from them, they cherish their offspring and their home ; hence they form with cunning art the fresh-gathered wax, and shape the clammy honey. Upon this, when you now see a swarm, after emerging from the hives into the open air, float through the serene summer sky, and marvel at the blackening cloud driven about by the wind, mark it well : they are always

<sup>1</sup> Called *propolis*, or bee-glue, a resinous gum obtained from the buds of certain trees, such as the birch, the willow, and the poplar.

seeking for waters and leafy coverts : in this direction, sprinkle the juices prescribed, bruised balm and the common herb of honey-wort ; ring bells, and beat all around the cymbals of mother Cybele.<sup>1</sup> They of themselves will settle on the seats prepared ; they of themselves, after their manner, will retreat into the inmost cells.<sup>2</sup>

But if they shall have gone forth to battle—for a feud, with violent excitement, often arises between rival chiefs—then you may at once, and at a distance, discover the spirit that animates the multitude, and know that their hearts are panting for war. For that well-known call to arms of the hoarse trumpet chides the lingerers, and a sound is heard like the broken and fitful notes of the bugle horn. Then they meet in great commotion, they flash forth defiance with their wings and sharpen their stings upon their proboscis, and get their arms ready for action, and, flocking to his pavilion, they crowd around their chief, and with loud buzzing murmurs call forth the foe to battle.

As soon, therefore, as they find the clear spring day and the stormless sky, they rush impetuous from their gates : in middle air they meet in shock of battle ; a din is heard ; closing in fight they mingle in a whirling mass, and fall headlong to the ground : hail rains not thicker from the air, nor acorns in such quantity from the shaken oak. The chiefs themselves, moving between the hosts, distinguished by their wings, wield mighty souls in tiny bosoms ; obstinately determined not to yield till the undisputed victor has compelled either these or those to turn their backs in flight. Such excitements of passions, aye, and such threatening

<sup>1</sup> Cybele, called the Mother of the Gods, was the daughter of Cœlus and Terra, and wife of Saturn.

<sup>2</sup> *I.e.*, the inmost cells of the new "beescap" made ready to receive the swarm.



contests, are checked and lulled to rest by the flinging of a little dust.

But when you have recalled both leaders from the battle, put him that seems inferior to death, lest he may damage the hive, being a superfluous chief; and suffer the better one to reign in the palace without a rival. The one will glitter with scale-like spots of gold: for there are two sorts: this is the better, distinguishable both by his mien, and conspicuous with glittering scales; the other is unsightly through sloth, and quite unfit for deeds of glory he drags along a massive paunch.

As there are two styles of the chiefs, so there are two makes of their subjects.<sup>1</sup> For the one set are disgustingly squalid, as the thirsty wayfarer is when he comes from his journey on a road deep with dust, and spits forth the sand from his parched mouth: the others shine and sparkle with brightness, ablaze with gold, and having their bodies spangled with uniform spots. This is the better breed: from these at stated seasons of the year you will press the sweet honey; yet not so much sweet as pure, and calculated to correct the harsh taste of wine.

But when the swarms fly about aimlessly and sport in the air, lose interest in their hives, and leave their cells cold, you will restrain their light-purposed minds from their idle play. Nor is there great difficulty in preventing them: just disable the wings of their chiefs; not one will dare, while they stay behind, to fly aloft, or to depart from the camp.

Let gardens fragrant with saffron flowers invite them; and let the Hellespontian Priapus, who with his willow pruning-bill wards off thieves and birds, be their guardian. Let

<sup>1</sup> This, like many other of Virgil's statements respecting bees, is erroneous.

him whom these things concern be careful to bring thyme and pines from the high mountains, and plant them all around; let him wear his hands with the hard labor; let him himself plant fruit-bearing shoots in the ground, and make a channel for the kindly water.

And indeed, were I not just furling my sails at the end of my toilsome journey, and hastening to turn my prow to land, perhaps I might sing both what method of culture would adorn rich gardens, and the rose-beds of twice blooming Pæstum;<sup>1</sup> and how endive and banks green with parsley delight in drinking the rills; and how the melon<sup>2</sup> winding through the grass grows into a globe-shape: nor had I passed in silence the late-flowering daffodil, or the stalks of the drooping acanthus, or the pale ivy, and the myrtles that love the shores. For I remember that, under the lofty turrets of Œbalia,<sup>3</sup> where black Galæsus waters the yellowing fields, I saw an old Corycian,<sup>4</sup> to whom belonged a few acres of unclaimed land; and that soil was not rich enough for the plough, nor suitable for flocks, nor adapted to vines. Yet here among these brambly brakes, planting a few pot-herbs, and white lilies round them, vervain, and small-grained poppies, he equalled in his contentment of mind the wealth of kings; and returning late at night, he loaded his board with unbought dainties. He was the first to gather the rose in

<sup>1</sup> Pæstum, a town of Lucania, on the Gulf of Salerno.

<sup>2</sup> This is not our common cucumber, but *Concomero serpentino*, which is twice its length, has a crooked neck and swollen belly, and tastes like the melon. Some count it a sort of melon.

<sup>3</sup> Œbalia, *i.e.* Tarentum. It was so called because built by a colony under Phalanthus, who came from Œbalia, a name given to Laconia, in Greece, from a mythical king called Œbalus. Galæsus, a river of Calabria, flowing into the Bay of Tarentum.

<sup>4</sup> A native of Corycus (a town of Cilicia), who had settled in Italy.

spring, and apples in autumn ; and even when dreary winter was splitting the rocks by its cold, and was bridling up the current of the rivers with ice, at that very time he was gathering the leaves of the soft acanthus, taunting the summer for its lateness and the west winds for their delay.

He, therefore, was the first to have queen-mothers and their numerous progeny, and to squeeze and strain the frothing honey from the pressed combs ; he had limes and pines in great abundance and luxuriance ; and as many apples as the fertile tree had been clothed with in early blossom, so many it retained to ripeness in autumn. He too transplanted and arranged in order the elms, even though late, and hard pear-trees, and blackthorns now bearing engrafted plums, and the plane already affording shade to drinkers. But these I for my part pass over, prevented by limited space, and leave them to be taken up by others after me.

Now, come, I will lay clearly before you those natural qualities and instincts which Jupiter imparted to bees as an extra gift : (I will show) for what a noble hire it was that, following the sounds of the Curetes,<sup>1</sup> and their tinkling cymbals, they fed the king of heaven in the Dictæan cave. They alone have an offspring in common ; they alone share the buildings of their city with equal rights, and pass their lives under inviolable laws ; and they alone know what "native country" means, and "settled household gods." And, mindful of the coming winter, they engage in toil in summer, and store their acquisitions in a common stock. For some have the charge of the food, and by a settled arrangement busy themselves in the fields ; some within the

<sup>1</sup> Curetes, or Corybantes, the priests of Cybele, who inhabited Mount Ida in Crete.

inclosure of their hives lay Narcissus'<sup>1</sup> tears, and clammy gum from bark of trees, for the first foundation of the combs, and then build downwards<sup>2</sup> the viscid wax; others lead out new hives, the hope of the race; others pack the crystal honey, and distend the cells with its liquid nectar. There are some to whom the charge has been assigned to guard the outer entrance, and taking it by turns they look for rain and observe the clouds of heaven; or they who receive the loads of those who return; or who, in marshalled band, drive from the hives the drones, an inactive horde. The work goes on apace, and the honey smells rich of thyme.

And as when the Cyclopes hasten to forge thunderbolts from the ductile masses, some receive the air in bull-hide bellows and give it forth again; some dip the hissing brass in the trough: *Ætna* groans under the weight of the mounted<sup>3</sup> anvils: they alternating one with the other, raise their arms in concert and with giant strength, and turn the iron with the griping pincers; just so, if we may compare small things with great, does the innate love of gain prompt the Cecropian bees,<sup>4</sup> each in his proper function. The older bees have the care of their cities, both to build the cells, and fashion their cunningly-wrought homes. But the younger return fatigued late at night, their thighs laden with thyme-honey; they feed at large on arbutes and grey willows, on

<sup>1</sup> Narcissus, a beautiful youth, who, on seeing his image reflected in a fountain, became enamored of it, thinking it to be the nymph of the place. He died of grief, and was changed into a flower, which still bears his name. Narcissus' tears, *i.e.* the honey juice.

<sup>2</sup> Bees attach their combs to the roof of the hive, and then build downwards.

<sup>3</sup> "Mounted," *i.e.* placed on their blocks.

<sup>4</sup> That is, Attic or Athenian bees, from Cecrops, the founder and first king of Athens. Mount Hymettus, in Attica, was famed for its thyme.

casia, and golden-hued crocus, on the gummy lime, and deep-colored hyacinths. All have one rest from work, all one common labor; in the morning they rush out of the gates: nowhere is there delay; again, when the evening at length has warned them to return from the fields after feeding, then they seek their homes, and then refresh their bodies: a noise arises, and they hum about the borders and the entrance of their hives. Soon after, when they have composed themselves in their cells, silence reigns during the night, and well-earned sleep enfolds their weary limbs. Nor do they remove to a great distance from their abode when rain impends, or trust the sky when east winds approach; but in safety supply themselves with water around their stations near the walls of their city, and attempt but short excursions; and often take up little stones, as unsteady vessels do ballast in a tossing sea; with these they steady themselves through the unsubstantial vapor.

You will marvel that this custom in particular has been adopted by the bees, that they neither indulge in conjugal intercourse, nor relax and effeminate their bodies in love, nor bring forth young with throes of travail. But they themselves gather their progeny with their mouths from leaves and fragrant herbs: they themselves provide a sovereign and tiny subjects, and repair and replenish their palaces and waxen realms.

Often, too, in wandering among the flinty rocks, they tear their wings, and voluntarily yield up their lives under their burden: so powerful in them is the love of flowers, and so strong is their ambition to collect honey. Well, then, though the term of a short life awaits individual bees themselves—for not more than the seventh summer is passed by them—yet the race remains imperishable, and the fortune of the house abides unshaken, and grandsires of grandsires are reckoned.

Besides, not Egypt's self, nor great Lydia, nor the tribes of the Parthians, nor the Medes by Hydaspes'<sup>1</sup> banks, pay such homage to their chief; whilst he is safe, one spirit animates them all: when he is gone, they break the bond of union, and they themselves plunder and carry off the piled honey, and break up the network of their combs. He safeguards their labors: they look to him with respect and awe, and they all surround him with unanimous applause, and attend him in crowds, and often raise him on their shoulders, and expose their own bodies to the fight and seek a noble death by wounds.

Some, judging from these indications, and led by these proofs of wisdom, have said that bees possess a portion of, or an emanation from, the Divine intelligence; that the Deity pervades the whole earth, the realms of sea, and the depth of heaven; that hence the flocks, the herds, men, and all the race of beasts individually derive at their birth the tender thread of life; that, moreover, all things in dissolution return and are restored to that original source; and that there is no place for death, but that they soar, still alive and conscious, each to count as a star, and mount to lofty heaven.

If at any time you wish to open their narrow home and uncover the honey hoarded in their storehouses, having first washed your body, foment your mouth with draughts of water, and with your hand thrust forward the persecuting smoke. Men twice collect the heavy produce; there are two seasons for their harvest: as soon as the Pleiad Taygete<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Hydaspes, a river of the Punjaub, in India, now called Jelum. It rises in one of the Paropamisus range, which extends into Ancient Persia; and so, as the Medes and Persians were closely associated, Virgil takes a liberty with geographical accuracy.

<sup>2</sup> Taygete, a daughter of Atlas and Pleione, who became one of the Pleiades after death.

has shown her kindly face to the earth, and has spurned with her foot the discarded streams of ocean; or when she, flying before the star of the watery Pisces, descends from heaven into the wintry waters, with a saddened look. They are wrathful above measure; and when provoked, instil venom with their stabs: fastening viciously on the flesh, they leave behind their invisible stings, and lay down their lives in the wound.

If, however, you shall fear a severe winter, and wish to spare their future support, and have pity on their broken spirits and disabled state, yet who will hesitate to fumigate their hives with thyme, and remove the empty wax? for often the combs are eaten away by the undetected lizard, and by cellful of cockroaches that shun the light, and by the unprofitable drone which "coolly" eats another's food; or the fierce hornet has rushed upon their ill-matched weapons; or the moths, a horrid crew; or the spider, hateful to Minerva, has suspended her loose nets in the doorways. The more exhausted they shall be, the more vigorously will they all set themselves to repair the ruins of their fallen fortunes, to fill up the rows of combs, and construct their cells with pollen.

If, however, since life has on bees too entailed our misfortunes, their bodies shall languish with a sore disease,—which you may know by undoubted signs,—immediately the sick change color; ghastly leanness alters their appearance; then they carry the bodies of the dead out of their houses, and conduct the mournful funerals; or clinging together by the feet, hang about the entrance, and stay within the closed hive, all being both spiritless from want of food, and benumbed with pinching cold. Then a dullish noise is heard, and they hum continuously; as at times the south wind murmurs through the woods; as the troubled

sea resounds under the retreating waves; as the quick-burning fuel roars in closed retorts. In this case, now, I would advise you to burn odoriferous galbanum, and to put honey into their troughs, through pipes of reed, encouraging and coaxing them, weakened as they are, to their favorite food. It will be of service also to mix with it the flavor of pounded gall-nuts and dried roses, or must boiled down over a slow fire, or raisins from the Psithian vine, Cecropian thyme, and strong-smelling centaury. There is also in the meadows a flower, to which the husbandmen have given the name of amellus; an herb easy to be found; for from one tangled root it shoots a forest of stalks, the central disk of golden hue; but on the leaves, which spring forth thickly around, the purple of the dark violet shows slightly. The altars of the gods are often decked with festoons made from it. Its taste is bitter in the mouth; the shepherds gather it in valleys that have been grazed on, and near the winding streams of Mella.<sup>1</sup> Boil the roots of it in high-flavored wine; and place it in full baskets at the door, as food for them.

But if any one shall have suddenly lost his whole stock, and shall have no means to recover a new brood, it is time both to lay before you the memorable invention of the Arcadian shepherd, and how the putrid gore of bullocks slain has often heretofore produced bees: I will unfold the whole story, tracing it far back from its original source. For where the favored people of the Pellæan Canopus<sup>2</sup> dwell hard by the Nile, which expands into a lake with its overflowing

<sup>1</sup> Mella, a small river of Cisalpine Gaul, falling into the Ollius and with it into the Po.

<sup>2</sup> Canopus (near Aboukir), a city of Egypt, 12 miles east from Alexandria. It is here called Pellæan, in allusion to the conquest of the country by Alexander the Great, who was born at Pella.



stream, and are carried round their fields in painted canoes ; and where a contiguous territory of quiver-armed Parthia<sup>1</sup> adjoins [the Egyptian country] and the river borne down from the swarthy Indians (*i.e.* Ethiopians) fertilizes verdant Egypt with its black and unctuous mould, and as it rushes on, separates into seven distinct mouths, the entire region confidently alleges that there is a never-failing safeguard in this plan. First, a space of ground of small dimensions, and narrowed for this purpose, is chosen ; this they cover in with the tiling of a narrow roof and with confining walls ; and add four openings with a slanting light turned towards the four points of the compass. Then a bullock, just arching his horns on his forehead of two years old, is sought out : whilst he struggles fiercely, they close up both his nostrils and his mouth ; and when they have beaten him to death, his battered carcase is macerated within the hide which remains unbroken. Then they leave him in the pent-up chamber, and lay under his sides fragments of boughs, thyme, and fresh casia. This is done when first the zephyrs stir the waves, before the meadows blush with new colors, before the twittering swallow suspends her nest upon the rafters. Meanwhile, the animal juices, warmed in the softened bones, ferment : and living things of wonderful aspect, first devoid of feet, and in a little while buzzing with wings, swarm together, and more and more take to the thin air, till they burst away like a shower poured down from summer clouds ; or like an arrow from the impelling string, when the swift Parthians first begin the fight.

What god, ye Muses, what god devised for us this art ?  
whence took this new invention of men its rise ?

<sup>1</sup> The Parthian empire is often spoken of as Persia, as it is in the text.

The shepherd Aristæus,<sup>1</sup> hastening from Peneian Tempe,<sup>2</sup> after losing his bees, as it is said, by disease and want of food, stopped, sad of heart, at the far distant and sacred source of the river, and with many complainings addressed his mother as follows: Mother, mother Cyrene, who inhabit the depths of this fountain, why did you bring me forth, with evil destiny, from the illustrious race of the gods, if indeed, as you allege, Thymbrean Apollo is my sire? or whither has your love for me fled? why did you bid me hope for heaven? Lo, I, though you are my mother, am abandoning this present crown of my mortality, which a watchful care of flocks and of crops had wrought out for me after many trials. But come, with your own hands uproot my fruit-bearing trees, fling the destructive fire into my stalls, and destroy my harvest: blast my nurseries, and wield the strong axe against my vines, if such disgust at my success has possessed you.

But his mother heard the sound down below in the chamber of the deep river: her nymphs around her were spinning the Milesian fleeces, dyed with rich glass-green tincture, Drymo<sup>3</sup> and Xantho, Ligea and Phyllodoce, their hair trim and glossy, flowing over show-white necks; Nesæe

<sup>1</sup> Aristæus was the son of Apollo and Cyrene. He became enamored of Eurydice, the wife of Orpheus. He was the first who taught mankind the culture of olives, and the management of bees; after death he was worshipped as a god.

<sup>2</sup> Peneian Tempe, a celebrated vale in Thessaly, between Mount Olympus and Ossa, through which the river Peneus flows into the Ægean. Thymbra, a plain in Troas, through which the river Thymbrius flowed in its course to the Scamander. Apollo had there a temple, and thence had it called Thymbrean.

<sup>3</sup> Drymo, &c. These were sea-nymphs, the attendants of Cyrene, daughter of the river Peneus, who was carried by Apollo to that part of Africa which was called Cyrenaica. There she became the mother of Aristæus.

and Spio, Thalia and Cymodoce, Cydippe and flaxen-haired Lycorias, the one a virgin, the other having just experienced the first labors of Lucina; Clio and her sister Beroe, both daughters of Oceanus, both decked with gold, both in spotted skins arrayed; Ephyre and Opis, and Asian Deïopeia; and swift Arethusa, her darts being at length laid aside: among whom Clymene was relating Vulcan's watchful jealousy, and the wiles and sweet intrigues of Mars, and was recounting the many amours of the gods, down from Chaos. Whilst the nymphs, charmed with the song, unroll their woolly tasks from the spindles, the lamentations of Aristæus again struck his mother's ears, and all were amazed on their crystal seats; but Arethusa, looking forth before her other sisters, put out her golden head from the water; and from afar she cried, O sister Cyrene, not in vain alarmed by such piteous wailing, your own darling Aristæus is standing in distress and tears beside the waters of Father Peneus, and naming you, calls you hard-hearted. To her, mother Cyrene, her soul thrilled with strange dread, cries, come bring him, bring him quickly to me: to him it is permitted to touch the courts of the gods. At the same time she commands the deep river streams to divide on all sides from the place where the youth was to approach. And the water, curving like a mountain side, stood round about him, and received him into its ample bosom, and wafted him beneath the river. And now, admiring his mother's palace and humid realms, the lakes pent up in caverns, and the sounding groves, he passed along, and, amazed at the vast flow of waters, surveyed all the rivers gliding under the great earth, widely distant in locality: Phasis<sup>1</sup> and Lycus, and the source

<sup>1</sup> Phasis (Phaz or Rioni), a river of Colchis, rising in Mount Caucasus, and falling into the Euxine. Lycus, a river of Armenia. Enipeus, a river of Thessaly, falling into the Peneus.

whence deep Enipeus first bursts forth, whence father Tiberinus, and whence Anio's<sup>1</sup> streams, and Hypanis<sup>2</sup> thundering o'er the rocks, and Mysian Caicus, and Eridanus, his bull-front decked with gilded horns, than which no river rushes through the fertile fields with greater force into the dark blue sea.

After he had arrived under the roof of her chamber, formed of pendent pumice-stones, and Cyrene found that the causes of her son's lamentations were trifling, the sisters in due course present fresh-water for his hands, and bring towels with close cut pile. Some load the board with viands, and put down full cups. The altars burn with incense fires. Then mother Cyrene thus speaks: Take bowls of Mæonian wine, let us offer a libation to Ocean. At the same time she herself addresses Ocean, the parent of all things, and the sister nymphs, a hundred of whom guard the woods, a hundred the rivers. Thrice she sprinkled the blazing Vesta with the pure wine: thrice the flame, mounting to the top of the roof, flashed again: with which omen encouraging his mind, she thus begins: In Neptune's Carpathian gulf there dwells a seer, cœrulean Proteus,<sup>3</sup> who traverses the great sea drawn by fishes, and riding in a chariot with two-legged steeds. He now is revisiting the ports of Emathia

<sup>1</sup> Anio (Teverone), a river of Italy, which falls into the Tiber.

<sup>2</sup> Hypanis (Bug), a river of European Scythia, which runs into the Euxine. Caicus, a river of Mysia, falling into the Ægean.

<sup>3</sup> Proteus, a sea-deity, son of Oceanus and Tethys. He is represented by the poets as usually residing in the Carpathian Sea, between Crete and Rhodes. He possessed the gift of prophecy, and also the power of assuming different shapes. He was represented as drawn by hippopotami, whose front part resembled a horse, and their hinder a fish; hence they are called "two-legged steeds."

and his native Pallene:<sup>1</sup> him both we nymphs adore, and even old Nereus<sup>2</sup> himself; for the prophet knows all things, both those that are and those that have been, and those that are coming on in slow futurity. For such is the will of Neptune; whose monster-herds and ugly seals he feeds under the deep. He, my son, must first be caught by you with chains, that he may explain the whole cause of the disease and make the issue prosperous. For no instructions will he give without compulsion, nor can you move him by entreaty; when you have caught him employ brute-force, and tighten fast his bonds; by these means all his wiles will at length be baffled and rendered unavailing. As soon as the sun has kindled the blaze of noon, when the herbs are parched, and the shade becomes more grateful to the cattle, I myself will conduct you into the private abode of the aged god, whither he retires from the waves when fatigued, that you may easily assail him while lying asleep. But when, having seized him, you shall hold him fast with your arms and chains, then various forms and features of wild beasts will parry your efforts. For suddenly he will become a bristly boar, a savage tigress, a scaly dragon, and a lioness with tawny neck; or he will turn himself into a blazing fire, and then slip from your bonds; or he will vanish into thin water and escape. But the more he shall change himself into all shapes, do you, my son, still closer pull hard the griping chain, until, with altered form, he shall become the same as when you saw him close his eyes in early sleep.

So she speaks; and sheds all around the streaming scent of sweet ambrosia, with which she overspread the body

<sup>1</sup> Pallene, a small peninsula of Macedonia, on the Ægean Sea.

<sup>2</sup> Nereus, a sea-god, son of Oceanus and Terra, and husband of Doris, by whom he had fifty daughters, the Nereids.

of her son. Now from his well-trimmed hair a delicious fragrance breathed, and sprightly vigor came upon his limbs. In the side of a hollowed mountain there is a spacious cave, into which many a wave is driven by the wind, and divides itself into receding curves; at times a most secure anchorage for sailors overtaken by a storm. Within, Proteus hides himself behind the barrier of a huge rock. Here the nymph places the youth in concealment, so that the light may not strike upon him; she herself, hid in mist, remains hard by. Now the scorching dog-star, roasting the parched Indians, was blazing in the sky, and the sun like a ball of fire had finished half his course; the grass was parched; and the rays warmed the shallow<sup>1</sup> streams to the mud, and made them boil in their dried-up channels, when Proteus went forth from the waves, making for his grotto. The watery race of the vast ocean, gambolling around him, scatter the briny spray far and near. The sea-calves lay themselves down to sleep here and there along the shore. He himself takes his seat in a central position on a rock and counts again their numbers, just as at times a shepherd does in the mountains, when evening brings home the bullocks from the pasture, and the lambs with noisy bleatings whet the hunger of the wolves. And when a favorable opportunity of seizing him presented itself to Aristæus, he scarcely suffers the aged god to lay his weary limbs to rest, but rushes upon him with a great shout, and anticipating him, secures him with shackles as he lies. He, on the other hand, not forgetful of his wiles, transforms himself into all extraordinary sorts of things: fire, and a

<sup>1</sup> Shallow, literally hollow, suggesting that the water is no longer up to the banks, but that the upper part being evaporated, there remains only an empty hollow where the water had been.

frightful wild beast, and a flowing river. But when no tricky device could find him a means of escape, being baffled, he returns to his former self, and at last spoke with the voice of a man: For who, pray, desired you, most presumptuous of youths, to come to my abode? or what do you want from me? says he. But he replied, You know it, O Proteus, you know it of yourself; nor is it possible to deceive you in anything: but do you cease to try to deceive me. Following the advice of the deities, I have come to seek from you divine counsel in regard to my ruined affairs. Thus much he spoke. Upon this the seer, at length under the powerful influence of inspiration,<sup>1</sup> rolled his eyes, flashing with azure light, and gnashing his teeth fiercely, opened his mouth to disclose the oracles.

It is the vengeance of no insignificant deity that pursues you: you are paying the penalty of grievous sins. Orpheus, wretched to a degree which he by no means merited, is instigating this vengeance on you, did not your destiny oppose it, and is grievously enraged for his wife being torn from him. She, indeed, poor girl, soon to die, when escaping from you in headlong flight along the river's side, did not see before her feet a huge water-serpent, "keeping close" on the bank in the deep grass. But the whole company of her comrade Dryads filled the summits of the mountains with their shrieks of woe: the heights of Rhodope wept,

<sup>1</sup> When the influence of deity was beginning to inspire the seer, it showed itself by strange excitement, convulsive spasms, and similar tokens. Some interpret *magna vi* "with great violence;" as if the flashing of the eyes and the gnashing of the teeth indicated great passion, a rather undignified attitude for a sage old deity, who begins very quietly. It may mean "under great compulsion," as Aristæus had used so much force.

and the lofty Pangæa,<sup>1</sup> and the martial land of Rhesus. Orpheus himself, soothing the anguish of his love with his concave shell, sang of you, sweet spouse, of you on the lonely shore at the dawn of day, of you at the day's decline. He, entering even the jaws of Tænarus, Pluto's lofty<sup>2</sup> gate, and the grove darkling with gloomy horror, visited the Manes, and their dreaded king, and those hearts that know not to relent at human prayers. But the airy shades and phantoms of the dead, moved by his song, came crowding forth from depths of Erebus,<sup>3</sup> as numerous as the birds that hide themselves by thousands in the woods, when evening or a wintry storm drives them from the mountains; matrons, and men, and ghosts of gallant heroes gone, boys and unmarried girls, and striplings laid on funeral piles before their parents' eyes; whom the black mud and unsightly reeds of Cocytus, and the unlovely lake with the sluggish flood, confine, and Styx encircles with a ninefold stream. The very habitations and inmost dungeons of death were astonished, and the Furies too, their hair with azure snakes entwined, and Cerberus in act of yawning, held fast his triple mouth, and by the lulling of the wind, the circle of Ixion's wheel stood still. And now retracing his steps, he had escaped all mishaps, and Eurydice, restored to him, was just approaching the regions above, following behind him, for Proserpine had imposed this condition, when a sudden infatuation seized the unwary lover, pardonable

<sup>1</sup> Pangæus, or Pangæa, a mountain on the confines of Macedonia and Thrace. Land of Rhesus, *i.e.* Thrace.

<sup>2</sup> This may apply to the height of the rocks at the entrance of the cave, or to the depth of the passage downwards.

<sup>3</sup> Erebus, a god of hell; often used to signify hell itself. Cerberus, a dog with three heads, that watched the entrance into the infernal regions.



indeed, if the Manes knew how to pardon : he stopped, and on the very verge of light, forgetful, alas ! and not master of himself, he looked back on his Eurydice : in that act, all his toil was thrown to the winds, and the terms of the relentless tyrant broken ; and thrice a crash as of thunder was heard from the Avernian lake. Orpheus, she says, what foolish fondness, what powerful infatuation, has ruined both me, wretched, and you too ? See once more the relentless Fates call me back, and sleep closes my swimming eyes. And now farewell ; I, alas ! no longer yours, am borne away, encompassed with pitchy darkness, and stretching forth to you my hands, now powerless. She ceased to speak ; and suddenly fled from his sight in the opposite direction, as it were smoke blended with the unsubstantial air ; nor afterwards did she see him vainly grasping at the shades, and wishing to say many things ; nor did the ferryman of Orcus suffer him again to cross the intervening lake. What was he to do ? whither was he to turn himself, now that his love had twice been torn from him ? with what tears was he to move the Manes, with what words the nether gods ? She indeed, already cold in death, was now floating in the Stygian boat. For seven whole months in succession, they say, he mourned beneath a weather-beaten rock by the streams of lonely Strymon, and unfolded these his woes under the cold caves, softening the very tigers, and leading the oaks after him by his song : as the sorrowing nightingale, under cover of a poplar, bemoans her lost young, which some unfeeling ploughman noticing in the nest has stolen unfledged ; but she laments the livelong night, and, perched upon a bough, renews again and again her doleful notes, and far and near fills every region with her mournful plaints. No love passion, no hymeneal joys could alter his resolve. Alone he traversed the northern fields of ice, the snowy Ta-

nais, and the plains never free from Rhipæan frosts, deploring the loss of his Eurydice, and Pluto's fruitless gifts ; by which tribute of affection<sup>1</sup> the Ciconian women feeling themselves slighted, tore the youth in pieces amidst the sacred service of the gods and nocturnal orgies of Bacchus, and scattered his limbs far and wide over the fields. And even then, whilst Cægrian Hebrus, bearing on its surface his head, wrung from a neck like marble, was carrying it down in middle stream, the lifeless voice itself, and tongue now cold, with latest breath called "Eurydice, ah, poor Eurydice:" the banks re-echoed Eurydice all down the river. Thus Proteus sang, and plunged with a bound into the deep sea ; and where he plunged, he tossed up the foaming water under the seething eddy.

But not so Cyrene : for, unasked, she addressed Aristæus in a state of awe : My son, you may ease your mind of vexatious cares. This is the whole cause of the plague ; on account of this the nymphs, whose choral dances she shared in the deep groves, have sent this melancholy annihilation on your bees ; but, penitent for your fault, present offerings and ask reconciliation, and worship the easily appeased nymphs of the wood, for they will pardon you in answer to your prayer, and will forego their anger. But first will I show you in order what must be your manner of worship. Pick out four bulls, conspicuous for beauty of form, which are now grazing, at your service, on the heights of green Lycæus ; and as many heifers, whose necks have not felt the yoke. For these erect four altars beside the lofty temples of the goddesses : draw the sacred blood from their throats, and leave the carcasses of the oxen in the leafy

<sup>1</sup> *Muncre* seems to mean here "duty to the dead." It is frequently used to signify the last service to the dead, burial and accompanying offices.

grove. Afterwards, when the ninth morn has shown her rising beams, you will give Lethæan poppies as funeral offerings to Orpheus, and you will sacrifice a black ewe, and revisit the grove. You will worship and appease Eurydice by a heifer offered in sacrifice.

He delays not, but instantly executes the orders of his mother: he repairs to the temple; he raises the altars as directed; he leads forward four bulls, conspicuous for beauty of form, and as many heifers, whose necks never felt the yoke. Thereafter, when the ninth morning had ushered in her dawn, he presents the funeral offerings to Orpheus, and revisits the grove. But here they behold a prodigy unexpected, and wonderful to tell: bees humming through the macerated flesh of the oxen over the entire length of the belly, and bursting forth from the riven sides, and floating aloft in enormous clouds, and now swarming together on the top of a tree, and hanging down in a grape-like cluster from the bending boughs.

These poems about the culture of the fields, and the treatment of flocks and of trees, I was engaged in composing whilst great Cæsar is thundering in war by the deep Euphrates, and as a conqueror is administering justice among willing nations, and is treading the road to Olympus. At that time the charming Parthenope<sup>1</sup> was nursing me, Virgil, luxuriating in the occupations of a fameless leisure; me, who to amuse myself wrote songs of shepherds, and being bold through youth, I sang of you, O Tityrus, beneath the covert of a spreading beech.

<sup>1</sup> Parthenope, the modern Naples. It received the name of Parthenope from one of the Sirens who was buried there.



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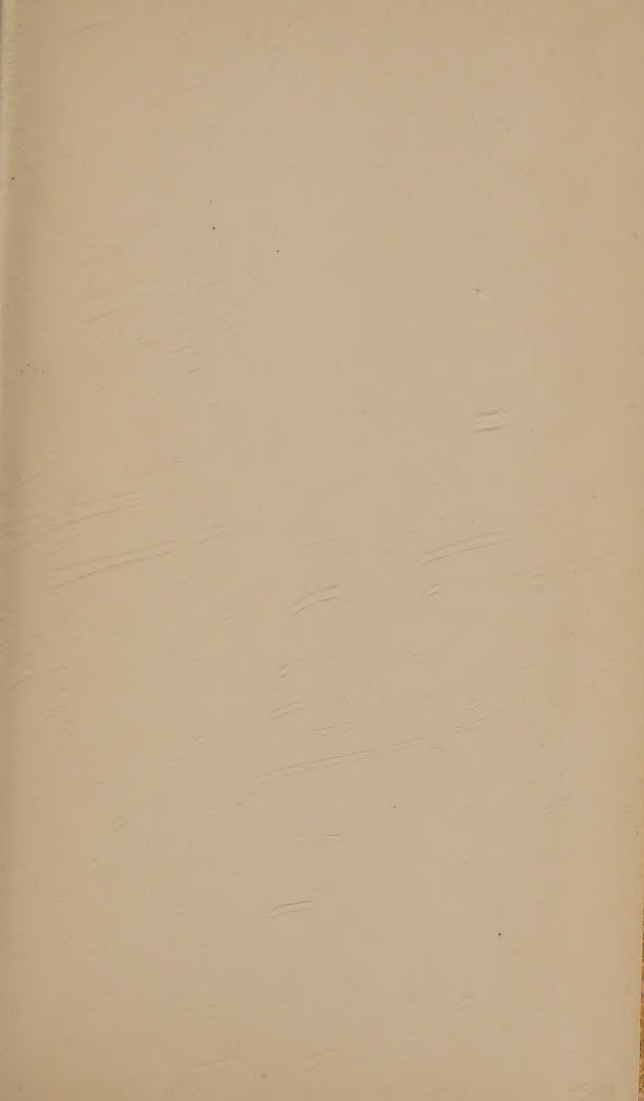
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